

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & BRO., Editors and Owners.

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TWENTIETH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1901

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Our Stock is complete in every detail. The garments are made of the very best Cambric and Muslin, trimmed with dainty and gorgeous Hamburg and Laces, and will please the most critical woman; because they will satisfy her as to beauty, workmanship, style and fit. There is not a skimpy garment in the stock. Call and be convinced.



New Hamburg, Laces, White Goods of all kinds. Percales and Gingham now on sale.

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## The Farmers' Needs

Have been a study with me, and in anticipating these needs, I have bought a complete line of

**Farm Wagons**

AND

**agricultural**

**Implements,**

and in fact every tool used. I also have a fine line of Barouches, Surries, Buggies, Phaetons, Road Wagons and Traps.

My Rubber Tire plant will fit new tires on your wheels while you wait. My trade in this branch has been large.

Call on me before you buy.

**J. Simms Wilson.**

### OBITUARY.

President Robert Graham, the noted educator and minister of the Christian Church, died at noon on Sunday at the residence of his niece, Mrs. H. A. Spangler, in Pittsburg. The funeral services will be held at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the Broadway Christian Church in Lexington.

Mr. Graham was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1822, and came to America five years later. He was educated at Bethany College, and in his boyhood days was a member of the Episcopal Church, but was baptized into the Christian Church in 1849, and in the following year began his ministerial work, which continued almost until the day of his death. He founded Arkansas College. From 1866 to 1869 he was President of Kentucky University. He resigned this position to accept the presidency of Hamilton Female College. He filled this position until 1875, when he became president of the College of the Bible. For many years Mr. Graham was pastor of the North Middletown Christian Church, and was reverently loved by every one who knew him.

Mrs. Kissiah McDaniel, aged 73, died at her home in Centerville, last week.

Mrs. B. Kinney, of Berry, while shopping in Cynthiana Thursday, died suddenly from the effects of a paralytic stroke.

Samuel L. Woodrige, aged 70, president of the Woodford Bank at Versailles, and a first cousin of Henry Clay, died on Tuesday last.

Rev. A. C. Carpenter, one of the most noted Baptist ministers of the South, and for seventeen years editor of the Western Recorder, died at Litchfield Friday.

James B. Ireland, aged 104 years, died Sunday of general debility at his home at Skillman, Hancock County. He was born in Scott County in 1797, and voted in every election from Adams down to McKinley.

### CLOTHING - CLEANED

THOMAS BROS.

OPPOSITE HOTEL WINDSOR,

**F. W. Shackelford,**

Contractor and Builder.

PARIS, KY. P. O. Box, O.

### A Question of BEATING



Is not a question of beating one or the other when you buy Shoes of us. We want you to be thoroughly satisfied that you have gotten the full worth of your money, and we are satisfied that we have asked what the article is worth. For the next sixty days you may have the opportunity of beating us out of all the profit on quite a lot of good Winter Shoes, but we are willing to be beaten that much for the sake of selling the Shoes quickly. Come in and take a look over our bargain counter. Men's and Women's Shoes on it at real bargain prices.

**Clay's Shoe Store.**

Cor. 4th & Main Sts.,  
Paris, Ky.

### STAGE STORIES.

Amusement Announcements, Lobby Chat  
ter--Odd Bits of Gossip.

#### THE ROYAL BOX.

The Klunt-Hearn Company, the best repertoire company that has visited Paris this season, gave a splendid performance of "A Nutmeg Match" last night to a fair sized audience. The company is first-class in every particular. At the matinee this afternoon at 3 o'clock will be presented the very funny comedy, "An Innocent Sinner." To-night, for their farewell appearance, the celebrated naval scenic play "The Commodore."

"The Two Merry Tramps" is just the play for laughter-loving theatre goers. Not one sigh or tear has ever been produced by this famous company, music and laughter is their motto and mission in life and they certainly fulfill all promises along this line. Opera house Thursday night. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

"Clarence and Artie" the characters impersonated by Wood & Ward, are different types of the hobo geni from those usually seen in stage productions, as Messrs. Wood & Ward portray the Ward McAllister's of trampdom. Opera House Thursday night. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

The audience at the Grand February 5th when Andrew Robson will present "The Royal Box," will, to a certain extent, be playing a part just as are the actors on the stage. The audience will be at the old Drury Lane Theatre in London a century ago. In one of the boxes will be the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, and several of his friends. On the stage the chief charac-



ter in the interesting story of "The Royal Box" supposed to be an actor at Drury Lane, while appearing in a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" will approach the footlights in a jealous rage and denounce the Prince. The curtain will be rung down, the stage manager will apologize to the audience, and the orchestra will cover the seeming confusion by playing "God Save the King." All this is a part of the play but it is all so real, so well done, that one imagines for a second that he actually witnessed a public quarrel between royalty and an actor.

#### An Enthusiastic Reception.

The Opera House was packed almost to the doors Friday night by as select an audience as ever gathered there, to extend a welcome to James R. McCann, an old Paris boy, who has the leading part of "Maverick Brabder" with "A Texas Steer" Company. When Mr. McCann made his first appearance the reception he met with was one which must have been pleasing to him. For at least five minutes he was unable to go on with his part, and then when he spoke his first lines, which were "What's the meaning of all this racket?" the words were so appropriate that the audience again broke forth into applause. Mr. McCann is a splendid actor. The part which he is now playing seems to be peculiarly adapted to him, and he makes the most of it. He was supported by an excellent company. The citizens of Paris have every reason to be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. McCann for their kindness in giving the benefit last summer in aid of the Public Library fund, and they showed on Friday night that they were not ungrateful. After the performance Mr. McCann and company were royally entertained by the Paris Lodge of Elks, with a banquet. Mr. McCann wishes the News to express to the people of Paris his appreciations of their kindness.

## A. F. WHEELER!

**Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Lace  
Curtains, Etc.**

A few Heating Stoves on hand that we sell cheap; also an elegant line of Cooking Stoves. Special bargains in pictures, Desks, Dressing Tables, Leather Chairs, and Couches.

Don't fail to see me B-4 buying anything in the furniture line. It pays to trade at

**A. F. WHEELER'S**  
NEW FURNITURE STORE,

NEXT DOOR TO HOTEL WINDSOR. PARIS, KY.



**BEST  
ON EARTH,  
IS THE  
HANAN SHOE!**

If you have made up your mind to buy good Shoes, why not buy a pair of Hanan Shoes? There is but one thing to do—investigate the Hanan Shoe, and you will admit it has no equal. Perfect Workmanship, Perfect Style, Perfect Comfort, Perfect Durability, Fully Guaranteed. Fall styles made in Enamel. Vici Kid, Velour Calf, Patent Vici; Widths, B to E. Have the exclusive sale for this city.

**GEO. McWILLIAMS.**

## HEMP MARKET.....

The market has now opened and we shall be pleased to have you call on us before selling.

**C. S. BRENT & BRO**

## Don't Forget

WE SELL THE  
CELEBRATED

## Radiant Home

STOVE.

**Winn & Lowry.**



## Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Lungs, Grippe, Pneumonia and Bronchitis in a few days. Why then risk Consumption? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism and all Pain. Price, 15 and 25 cents.



## DESPERADO CAPTURED

Marvin Kuhns, Who Has Terrorized Northern Indiana, in Jail.

Kuhns' Brother, Who Was Defending Him, Was Also Arrested—Prisoners Were Positively Identified.

Logansport, Ind., Jan. 18.—Marvin Kuhns, who has terrorized Northern Indiana for weeks and boldly defied the officers of two states, by a singular fatality finds himself in the Cass county jail in the very town in which he made such a desperate battle for life and liberty on the afternoon of December 10. Kuhns and his brother, who was released from the Columbus prison shortly after Marvin escaped, were taken after a desperate fight at Green Hill, a little town five miles south of Otterbein, west of Lafayette. Before the outlaw was overpowered he shot two men and was himself shot in the head.

Emboldened by immunity from officers, Kuhns and his brother and a confederate stole a team at Plymouth Sunday night and started south. Sheriff J. E. Marshall and Marshal T. J. Chaney traced them to Lafayette Wednesday evening, and by telephoning neighboring towns located the men at Green Hill, a small village near Otterbein. An Otterbein posse surrounded the house and rushed in at midnight. Marvin was awake, and seized a revolver at his bedside. Before he could fire Elmer Switzer shot him in the face and the posse closed in. One man jumped from the second-story window and escaped, but the brothers were overpowered after a struggle in which shots were exchanged.

Wounded as he was, Marvin partially shot off the attacking party and shot H. Volt in the back and Lewis Hawkins in the arm. Neither was fatally injured. The prisoners were brought to Logansport. Here Marvin was positively identified by the policeman who battled with him in December. His measurements and physical marks tally to a dot with the Bertillon description from the Columbus officials. He says if he had been given a fair show he would have cleaned out the posse. The wound in his face is not serious. The Plymouth authorities will likely prosecute him instead of returning him to Columbus.

Plymouth, Ind., Jan. 19.—The two men in jail here were recognized as Marvin Kuhns, the desperado and escaped life convict from the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus, O., and his brother John. Kuhns was taken to the penitentiary Saturday. The Ohio officials came here for him. A reward of \$1,000 offered by the Ohio officials will be paid. He was recognized Friday by former neighbors at Albion. John Kuhns, the brother, will be held here and tried. A dispatch from Albion says Kuhns, his brother John and a cousin named Griffin left their home near Albion in a westerly direction Saturday evening after giving an oyster supper. Kuhns is a life convict for the murder of his partner 12 years ago, and for weeks has stalked abroad in this state defying the authorities.

### TERRIBLY TORTURED.

Burglars Compelled an Old Man to Tell Where His Money Was By Use of Red-Hot Pokers.

Shamokin, Pa., Jan. 18.—Martin Reich, aged 62 years, who lived alone at his home here, was the victim of a brutal assault by masked burglars early Thursday morning, who also subjected Reich to frightful torture to induce him to tell them where his earnings were hidden. The burglars, five in number, overpowered the old man and applied red-hot poker to his body and feet until he finally told them where the money could be found. This amounted to \$133.60. After dividing the money among them the burglars pounced upon Reich and kicked him until he was almost dead. They then made their escape.

### Killed By a Policeman.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 19.—Frank Kester, aged 40 years, was shot and killed at his home here by Policeman Silas Sumate. Kester was intoxicated and was taken home by the policeman. He got a weapon, declaring that he was going to kill Sumate, and the officer, thinking his life was in danger, shot Kester. The dead man leaves a widow and three children.

### River and Harbor Bill.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The river and harbor bill will be taken up by the senate committee on commerce next Monday, and daily sessions held until its consideration shall be completed. Hearings will be given to senators on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, but no other person is to be heard.

### Millionaire Cagger Dead.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 18.—William G. Cagger, the wealthy New Yorker who came here ill on the 20th of last month and was taken to the Virginia hospital, died there Thursday night. His body will be sent to Brooklyn. He was without family and said to be worth about \$15,000,000.

### To Amend Immigration Law.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Senator Lodge introduced a bill Thursday providing for the amendment of the immigration law so as to exclude insane, idiotic and epileptic persons.

### LOST HIS MONEY.

N. H. Frazer Deposited \$500 For the Return of His Kidnaped Son, But His Boy Is Still Absent.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 21.—N. H. Frazer, of Union Springs, Ala., whose son Bass was kidnaped several weeks ago while a student at the technological school here, has apparently lost \$500 by a decoy letter sent him. Mr. Frazer received a letter stating that if he would place \$500 in gold, the amount he offered for his son, in a sack with a peck of potatoes, and proceed along the road near the United States federal prison, several miles from this city, he would be met by a Negro who would ask: "Massa, has you got dem potatoes?"

He was to deliver the sack and its contents to the Negro and his son would appear at a hotel in this city looking for his father at an early hour Sunday morning.

The letter was signed "Packer," mailed in Atlanta, dated January 16, and the instructions were minute and specific.

Mr. Frazer's son, a brother of the kidnaped boy, carried out the plan of the letter, met the Negro as arranged and gave him the money and potatoes Saturday night.

Sunday morning he was at the hotel mentioned and remained there all day, but Bass Frazer did not appear, and no trace of him or the person who received the \$500 can be found.

### FOUGHT A DUEL.

Count de Lubersac Wounded in the Arm By Baron Robert de Rothschild.

Paris, Jan. 21.—The long-expected duel between the Count de Lubersac and Baron Robert de Rothschild was fought with swords at 11 o'clock Sunday morning on Baron Edmond de Rothschild's estate at Boulogne Sur Seine. Count de Lubersac's seconds were M. Schege and Count de Laborde, and those of Baron de Rothschild were Baron Leonino and Viscount de Bondy. The duel began at 11 and lasted ten minutes, when Count de Lubersac received a lunge, perforating his arm at the elbow to the armpit. The duel was then stopped. Both the count and baron fought most determinedly; neither flinched and neither showed the slightest desire to spare the other. Sixteen engagements took place, all of a desperate character.

The combatants attacked each other furiously. The sleeves of their shirts were literally torn to pieces by the points of their swords as the duelists repeatedly lunged at each other. Several times they came to close quarters and their seconds were obliged to separate them.

### JOHN LEISENRING DEAD.

Well-Known Mine Owner and Former Congressman Passed Away in a Philadelphia Hospital.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21.—Hon. John Leisenring, the well-known mine owner of Luzerne county, and former congressman from the Luzerne district, died at the University hospital, this city. Mr. Leisenring had been a sufferer for a long time from heart and kidney trouble, and the latter part of December was brought from his home at Upper Lehigh, Luzerne county, to the University hospital in hope that he could obtain relief.

### Fight Declared Off.

San Francisco, Jan. 21.—The McCoy-Sharkey fight, which was scheduled for next month in this city, has been declared off owing to the refusal of the board of city supervisors to grant a license to the Twentieth Century Athletic club for a fight in which McCoy was to be a principal. The club is now trying to match Root and Moffatt.

### Scientific Expedition to Iceland.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 21.—Dr. Daly, instructor in geology at Harvard, is planning a scientific expedition to Iceland, Greenland and Labrador for the summer of this year. The principal object of study during the trip will be volcanic formations and glaciers.

### Jumped From a Window.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 21.—Mrs. Mamie Drungold, of Joliet, Ill., jumped from a window at the Union depot. She fractured her skull and received other injuries. She can not recover. It is believed her mind was unbalanced. She was on her way home from Seattle.

### Jeffries Starts For Cincinnati.

New York, Jan. 21.—Jim Jeffries, his brother Jack and Trainer Delaney started for Cincinnati Sunday afternoon. The champion hopes that the Saengerfest club will be able to pull off his fight with Ruhlman there on February 15.

### Catholicism Increasing.

New York, Jan. 21.—The World Catholic Directory says the church has gained 645,312 members the past year.

### Bar White Teachers.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 21.—A bill has been introduced in the upper house to prohibit the employment of white teachers in Negro schools, colleges and universities. A reorganization of the faculty of nearly every Negro school in the state will result if the law is passed.

### Elevator Destroyed By Fire.

Chicago, Jan. 21.—The Oakdale elevator, located at 90th street and Harvard avenue, and owned by the Leet & Fritz Commission Co., was destroyed by fire Sunday night. Loss, \$50,000.

## A DYING SOVEREIGN.

Queen Victoria is Still Alive, But Her Majesty's Death is Momentarily Expected.

### PRINCE OF WALES ALSO INDISPOSED.

Aged British Ruler Had a Paralytic Stroke and Remains Mostly in a Comatose State.

Emperor William, Her Grandson, Arrived in London Sunday Night, and Early Monday Morning Started For Osborne House.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, Jan. 21.—Monday morning found Queen Victoria still alive, but all hope is gone, and her death is only a question of hours. Sunday evening her case became decidedly worse, and the aged sovereign lay most of the time in a comatose state during Sunday and Sunday night.

London, Jan. 21.—The Exchange Telegraph Co. Monday morning says the queen was reported to be unconscious and was thought to be sinking by the royal family, who arrived at Osborne house from London by train Monday morning.

So far as her immediate safety is concerned, the queen's extreme weakness caused almost more alarm than the paralysis. Much difficulty was experienced in administering nourishment, for she appeared quite unable to masticate. To this weakness are

from the princesses at Osborne house. The coming of Emperor William and the news that King Leopold was about starting for London inspired fears that death was at hand. On the other hand, the fact that the prince of Wales was able to leave Osborne house had an encouraging effect. When the prince arrived at Victoria station, London, at 4 o'clock, with Sir Francis Knollys attending, several hundred people were there to greet him.

But there was no demonstration beyond a respectful raising of hats. The earl of Clarendon and the earl of Pembroke received the prince. When they inquired regarding the queen's condition he replied, "You see they have let me come away."

The prince of Wales arrived just before the train entered the station, which was 6:20 p.m. The duke of York, Prince Christian, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Arthur of Connaught completed the group of royal personages. Emperor William stepped out of a saloon car wearing a traveling suit. He saluted the prince of Wales by kissing him on both cheeks, and the prince returned a similar salutation. He then embraced the duke of York and shook hands with the others.

The people who looked on as the carriages drove off uncovered their heads, and Emperor William and the prince of Wales acknowledged the courtesy by raising their hats. No cheers broke the mournful silence. The crowd in the vicinity of Buckingham palace maintained the same demeanor when the emperor and the prince of Wales entered the grounds. At 10 p.m. the prince of Wales began a conversation with Osborne house which lasted nearly an hour. As a result of this the emperor and the prince started for Osborne Monday



HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

probably due the long spells of unconsciousness through which she has passed, although it was almost impossible to distinguish these from the insidious encroachments of paralysis.

Emperor William, the prince of Wales and the duke of York arrived at Osborne house Monday. The only additional royal personage who arrived Sunday was the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who arrived during the afternoon.

The departure of the prince of Wales for London shortly after 12 o'clock to meet Emperor William was quietly accomplished. The queen had been informed of the emperor's coming and had signified her desire that the prince should go to meet him.

Rather against his will the man who for the moment was practically the king of England obeyed his mother's wishes. It was rumored that the queen wanted the emperor to postpone his visit to Osborne house, as she did not wish to receive him in her present condition.

London, Jan. 24.—Throughout the United Kingdom there was a Sunday of anxiety and suspense. No one in England outside the circle of the court knew the real condition of the queen or the nature of her disease. The bulletins threw but little light on the universal question whether death was imminent. The London newspapers had not learned that her majesty had suffered a shock of paralysis. Extra editions of the Sunday papers contained no information, but there were many of the official bulletins, and they were eagerly bought.

Crowds assembled to witness the arrival of Emperor William. Apart from such incidents, however, the customary quiet of a London Sunday was not disturbed.

The most alarming reports of the day came in the form of telegrams

### Registered Package Disappears.

Dubuque, Ia., Jan. 19.—A registered package containing \$2,000, sent from this city to a bank at Clarksville, has disappeared. Postal Clerk Narey forgot to deliver the package at Clarksville and carried it through. It disappeared at Hampton.

### Five Men Killed.

Locke's Mills, Me., Jan. 19.—A head-on collision took place on the Grand trunk railway here, resulting in the death of five men, the injury of many others.

### Emperor Francis Joseph's Present.

Vienna, Jan. 21.—Emperor Francis Joseph has presented to James A. Bailey, the American circus proprietor, a case set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, accompanied by an autograph letter.

### Shot Husband and Herself.

Danville, Ill., Jan. 21.—Mrs. Fred Smith, of Muncie, this county, shot her husband and herself. Their recovery is doubtful. They have only lived in the town three days, and the cause is unknown.

## THE PRUSSIAN EMPIRE

Bicentenary of the Establishment of the Government Celebrated.

Luncheon Given in the Gorgeous White Hall to Over 1,200 Persons—Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers Were Present.

Berlin, Jan. 19.—Emperor William banquetted the visiting princes, the ambassadors and great nobilities of the empire in honor of the bicentenary of the Prussian empire. His majesty drank the health of the newly created knights and carried on a lively conversation with those sitting near him. The emperor repeatedly pledged the ambassadors.

Mr. White, when delivering President McKinley's congratulations to the emperor, emphasized the fact that it was Hohenzollern who first recognized the independence of the United States, and also that the first commercial treaty negotiated by the United States was made with Prussia. He mentioned appreciatively Germany's liberal policy in opening her universities and technical schools to foreigners.

Emperor William, who replied pleasantly, pointed out that nations of German blood must hold together in the great controversies of the world.

The luncheon began at 2 o'clock and lasted until 4 o'clock. It was given in the gorgeous white hall and over 1,200 persons were present. The chief table was in the form of a hollow square, and there were tables also in the galleries. The emperor made only a few remarks, proposing the health of the new knights.

This was the first time foreign ambassadors and ministers had attended an ordensfest, a function given every January 18 for the members of the Prussian orders, the reason being that this year the ordensfest coincided with the bicentenary celebration.

The bill of fare was rather simple, including broth, sole, pot roast with vegetables, truffles, game pie, jellied lobster, capon, fruit, salad, orange ice, cheese, desert and exquisite wines from the royal cellars. During the luncheon musical selections from Meyerbeer, Weber, Handel, Wagner and Strauss were played. Hundreds of soldiers were specially detailed to assist outside, bringing the dishes to the lackeys.

The imperial chancellor, Count Von Buelow, sat opposite the emperor. On the chancellor's right were the ambassadors of Italy, Russia, France and the United States. On his left were the ambassadors of Austria, Great Britain, Turkey and Spain.

The city was brilliantly illuminated. The emperor ordered the German minister to The Netherlands, Count Von Puntelen, to deposit in Delft, South Holland, upon the tomb of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, father of the wife of the great elector, a wreath showing the Prussian colors and bearing the inscription "In Memory of the Grandfather of the First Prussian King."

Fifteen new peers for the Prussian herrenhaus, or house of lords, were appointed by the emperor, the list including Rev. Dr. Dryander and Prof. Fielder, of the Charlottenburg technical high school, as well as a number of mayors.

### DESTROYING MOSQUITOES.

The Sanitary Department of Havana Taking Precautions Against the Spread of Yellow Fever.

Havana, Jan. 19.—The sanitary department is taking measures to destroy mosquitoes to prevent yellow fever. The inspectors have been ordered to pay particular attention to breeding places both inside and outside of houses and to use petroleum at least twice a month to destroy the eggs and seal all opening of walls and cesspools. They have also been instructed to advise the general use of mosquito netting.

A high north wind has been blowing all day. No further news has been received from the Ward line steamer Vigilancia, aground off the bank of Los Colorados, and it is believed she is going to pieces.

### To Suppress Hazing.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 19.—A concurrent resolution was passed by the senate condemning the practice of hazing at the national military academy at West Point. The resolution instructs the Kansas delegation in congress to use every effort to secure the adoption of measures necessary to suppress such practice.

### Army Transport Arrives.

Port Townsend, Wash., Jan. 19.—After a rough voyage from Taku, China, the army transport Athenian arrived here with a detachment of 80 soldiers who served in China. Her officers report that gales have been heavy on the Pacific, and everywhere wreckage has been seen.

### Michael O'Sullivan Dead.

New York, Jan. 19.—Michael O'Sullivan, ex-champion all-around athlete, died in the Presbyterian hospital. O'Sullivan was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1855, and made his debut at the Kinsale sports in 1879, winning the seven-pound winding weight with a throw of 87 feet.

### His Jaw Broken.

Denver, Col., Jan. 19.—Young Corbett, of Denver, won from Bernstein, of New York, in the seventh round. Bernstein's jaw was broken in the fight.

### ACTIVE RECRUITING.

It is in Progress in All the Principal Cities—Enlistments Are For Three Years.

Washington, Jan. 19.—Active recruiting for the army is in progress in all the principal cities of the country. The authorized strength of the regular army at present is 65,000 men, and it is the intention to maintain it at that strength after the discharge of the 35,000 volunteers on June 30, next. All enlistments are for three years, and the number of recruits averages about 2,000 a month. Owing to the delay in action on the army bill, the impression prevails in the war department that it will be almost impossible to get all the volunteers to this country in time to permit their discharge here by June 30. In that case it will be necessary to discharge a number of them in the Philippines on that date, in order to keep them there until replaced by regular troops now being recruited. Otherwise it would not be possible to keep the Philippine army up to the limit of 40,000 men, regarded as essential to the enforcement of the president's policy, while the proposed reorganization of the army is in progress. It is said at the war department that, while it is settled that all the volunteers will be discharged June 30, the course of events in the near future will determine to a considerable extent whether the discharges shall take place in the Philippines or in the United States. Every effort will be made to get as many of them home as possible before their discharge.

### THE BOSSCHIETER CASE.

Jury Returns Verdict of Murder in Second Degree Against McAllister, Death and Campbell.

New York, Jan. 19.—Walter C. McAllister, Andrew J. Campbell and William Deeth, three of the four persons indicted for the murder of Jennie Bosschietter, a mill girl at Paterson, N. J., who was murdered on the night of October 18, last, were adjudged guilty of murder in the second degree, for which, according to the New Jersey law, the maximum penalty is 30 years' imprisonment. The jury took 14 ballots. When they filed into the court room the prisoners appeared very nervous. McAllister seemed more excited than any of the others. He sat biting his lips while waiting. Campbell thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and clinched his fists in them. Deeth looked anxiously about the court room for a moment and then assumed the same attitude as Campbell. When the verdict was announced the prisoners evinced neither elation nor relief. Judge Dixon thanked the jury and said he believed the verdict a just one. He then dismissed the jurors until Monday morning. The court then rose and the prisoners were taken back to jail.

### MISSION BURNED.

Only the Convent Saved of the Institution in the Southern Part of Potawamie County, Okla.

Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 19.—News has reached here of the destruction by fire on Wednesday night of the buildings and their contents of the Catholic Sacred Heart mission, located in the southern part of Potawamie county, 20 miles from a railway. The only building saved was the convent. None of the 400 inmates were injured, but many escaped only in their night clothes.

The Sacred Heart mission was established in 1878 by the Jesuit fathers as a mission for Indians, but for six years has been open to both white and Indian students.

### PORTO RICAN CROPS.

Gov. Allen, Who Has Returned From the Interior, Says the Outlook Is Excellent.

San Juan de Porto Rico, Jan. 19.—Gov. Allen has returned from his trip to Ponce and Coamo and their vicinity. He says the crop outlook everywhere is excellent, particularly in tobacco and sugar. The governor praises the scenery and climate and predicts that in a few years Porto Rico, as a winter resort, will rival Bermuda and Florida, and American capital will build hotels in the mountains.

### BANK HELD UP.

The President of the Concern Shot and Mortally Wounded By Outlaws at Bristow, I. T.

Wichita, Kan., Jan. 19.—A dispatch has reached here giving meager details of the holding up of the bank of Bristow, I. T., by outlaws, and stating that the president of the bank was mortally wounded. The robbers got away with the bank's cash, but a posse is in pursuit.

### Mutes Wedded By Mute Minister.

Bristol, Tenn., Jan. 19.—Basil Duke Scott, a prosperous farmer of Mayfield, Ky., married Miss Mollie Pendleton, daughter of a wealthy Bristolian. The ceremony was performed without an articulate word. The minister and the contracting parties are mutes.

### A Week's Failures.

New York, Jan. 19.—Failures for the week were 325 in the United States, against 242 last year, and 43 in Canada, against 40 the corresponding week last year.



## THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting  
All golden in the sun,  
And strong and stalwart reapers  
Went by him one by one.  
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"  
His heart made bitter cry;  
"I can do nothing! nothing!"  
So weak, alas! am I.

At eve a fainting traveler  
Sank down beside the door;  
A cup of crystal water  
To quench his thirst he bore.  
And when, refreshed and strengthened,  
The traveler went his way,  
Upon the poor man's threshold  
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,  
He cried: "Oh! Master kind,  
One sheaf I have to offer,  
But that I did not bind.  
I gave a cup of water  
To one athirst, and he  
Left at my door, in going,  
This sheaf I offer Thee."

Then said the Master, softly:  
"Well pleased with this am I;  
One of my angels left it  
With thee, as he passed by.  
Thou mayest not join the reapers  
Upon the harvest plain,  
But he who helps a brother  
Reaps sheaves of richest grain."  
—Eben E. Rexford, in Chicago Advance.



By Will N. Harben.  
[Copyright, 1900, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.]

## CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

From a good position, hidden by a truck loaded with luggage, he saw Blanche alight from the train and signal to a hansom. Then, while her back was turned towards him, he called another, and after he had taken his seat he pointed to Blanche's hansom which was turning into the street.

"I want to keep that lady in sight," he told the cabman; "do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," with a broad, pleased grin. "Detective, sir?"

"No; do as I tell you."

"All right, sir; pardon, sir."

The two cabs preserved a mean distance of half a block between each other. It was a cloudy day, as warm as spring. The asphalt pavements were wet and slick and the horses often slipped to the ground. Blanche's hansom turned into Fourth avenue and headed down town. Below Cooper Union it ran into the Bowery. And along this thoroughfare, with the double tracks of the elevated railway overhead, the two vehicles forged ahead as rapidly as the perpetual stream of cars, wagons and cabs would permit. They passed the City Hall park and then ran into Beekman street. Goddard saw Blanche's cabman scanning the doors in search of a number, and knew she was near her destination.

The major rapped on the top of the cab, and the driver looked in at him through the hole in the roof.

"Well, sir?" he said.

"If the lady should get out keep your eye on the house and put me down near there," ordered the major.

"Right you are, sir."

In the most disreputable part of the lower end of Beekman street the foremost hansom came to a halt before a red brick five-story building. The major saw the face of his ward for a single moment as she stood on the ground and held up her fare to the cabman, his own driver having reined in behind a wagon loaded with bales of hay.

Goddard felt like a spy, but he told himself he had the right to follow her, fearing that she was being led into danger.

"I shall get down here," he said, hurriedly, when Blanche had gone into the house. The cabman took his double fee reluctantly.

"Had I better wait about here, sir?" he asked, evidently the prey of curiosity.

"No, I shall not need you," and the major was off. When he reached the building Blanche had entered he saw nothing of her. The entrance was very unclean. A barrel of rags stood at the foot of the stairway and three rattled boys were tossing pennies in the doorway.

"A lady came in here just now," he said to the first snuffy visage that turned towards him.

"Went upstairs," said the owner of the face.

"Do you know which floor?" asked Goddard.

The boy did not, and shook his head.

"She asked for the Simpsons," said another urchin. "They are top floor back."

"Who are the Simpsons?" asked the major.

"I don't know, sir," said the first boy who had spoken. "You can't miss it; it's as high as you can go."

It then occurred to Goddard that he was unarmed, and as he did not doubt that Blanche had been beguiled into some sort of trap he felt his inability to defend her in an emergency, and yet he almost ran up the five flights of narrow, unswayed stairs. Reaching the top, and seeing a door at the side of which stood a bedstead which had been taken apart and a mattress and ragged bed coverings, he bent his ear to listen. For a moment he heard nothing, and then suddenly from the room came the sound of weeping and the wailing of a woman's voice. This startled him, and he tried the door latch. It turned. The door opened into a cheerless room. Around the walls sat a dozen old men and women as still and silent as Quakers at a meeting. A door in this room opened into another chamber, and there he saw a throng of women and children, and thence issued the sounds of sobs and cries of grief. Bewildered, he went to the door and looked for Blanche. His eyes fell on the corpse of a woman covered to her wrinkled

face with a white sheet. Looking over the heads of this group Goddard saw Blanche seated on a low couch between two sobbing young girls. She had an arm round the waist of each, and the major heard her trembling voice try to speak words of consolation.

"Oh, Mrs. Goddard," the elder girl said, "I cannot bear it—I simply cannot give her up. She was all we had—all!"

So much was Blanche concerned in the duty before her that she did not look up. A light broke upon the major, but he did not have the presence of mind to retreat unnoticed, as he might easily have done. His relief at finding his fears ungrounded was so great that he felt weak all over. Suddenly the younger of the two girls with Blanche looked up. She pointed at him, and touched her sister across Blanche's lap.

"It must be the new doctor," she said.

Blanche stared at him in bewilderment for an instant. A slight flush mantled her brow.

"No, it is my husband," she said; "excuse me a moment."

She came to him at once.

"Why did you come?" she asked, a look of embarrassment on her face.

"I—I am so surprised. I really do not understand how—"

He drew her to the side of the room away from several persons who were listening curiously.

"I have no excuse for spying on you," he said, lamely; "none, except that I was afraid you were in danger, and I came to—to protect you."

"I don't understand," she said. "I really do not."

For a moment he was reduced to saying:

"Pardon my foolishness, dear; do pardon me!"

"Oh, don't think I am finding fault," she said, quickly. "I am glad you are here now, but—"

"I may as well tell you that I have enemies, darling little girl, enemies who would entrap you—take your life, anything to take revenge on me. When first I saw that letter I did not like its appearance, and when you would not tell me about it my fears got the best of me."

"It was from Mary, there—the older of the two girls," replied Blanche. "I knew her and her mother when—"

Blanche flushed a little—"when I used to visit this quarter when I was in school. Ever since then she and I have been friends, and I have tried to help her family. They are so poor. I ought to have told you that I was engaged in this sort of work, at least after we were married; but, knowing that your other wife was opposed to such things, I thought you might think I was parading my deeds, so I could not tell you about it."

"Oh, darling, you are an angel, and I am not worthy to touch the hem of your garments! God have mercy on me—you don't really know the man you have married. If you did you would turn from me as you would from a leper."

Her face shrank sensitively before the force of his strong sentences.

"You are the noblest, most abused man in the world, and I love you too dearly to believe anything against you," she exclaimed, with startled tenderness. "But you'd better leave me now. I am perfectly safe. I have been here often before. I know almost every family in the building. I shall be very busy all day. This death is awfully hard on these poor girls. You and I, who have so much to be thankful for, ought not to stand talking of imaginary troubles in the presence of such reality as this."

"When shall you come home?" he asked.

"On the five o'clock train, I think. Good-by, till then."

That afternoon while making some purchases in one of the big shops on Sixth avenue Blanche met Lottie Dean.

"Oh, you dear thing!" cried the latter, giving Blanche a little impulsive hug. "I am so glad to see you, but I haven't a moment to spare. Papa is in the carriage at the door, and is as crusty and impatient as a bear. You have been saying nice things about me."

"I always do that, dear," answered Blanche.

"You have been talking to Mr. Talley about me; he has told me of a number of nice things that only you could have said."

"Have you seen him lately?" Blanche inquired.

"Have I seen him? Well, I like that!" cried Miss Dean, with a pretty affectation of resentment.

"He has been to see you, Lottie?"

"Twice—three times in one week," announced Miss Dean. "Oh, he is so good and charming."

"Ah, I begin to see," answered Blanche. "He is a good man, Lottie. My guardian—I mean my husband—trusts him implicitly. He and a number of other business men are about to start a bank and they are going to ask Mr. Talley to be cashier."

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Miss Dean, excitedly. "I introduced him to papa the other night. I was awfully afraid papa would not want him to continue his visits, but he seemed to like him very much. Blanche, I shan't forget that I met him at your house—that is, if—"

"Don't say 'if' when it is already three times a week," broke in Blanche, with a laugh, and the two girls parted.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Major Goddard's most intimate friend in New York was Father Surtees, a priest, who lived in a comfortable home in Madison avenue. Goddard liked him for his liberal views on all religious subjects, and for his exemplary life. They had been chums at Harvard, belonged to the same regiment, in which Father Surtees was chaplain, and frequently met in their

club. They had made a tour of Europe together, had slept in the same bed; in short, were ideal friends.

The afternoon following the incident recorded in the foregoing chapter Goddard went to visit this priest. The afternoon was as cloudy as the preceding day had been, and Father Surtees' study was lighted by a green-shaded lamp on his big writing table, which was strewn with manuscripts and notes for a book he was writing.

"I hope I am not interrupting," said the major, as he was shown in.

"You can't interrupt me, old man," said Father Surtees, emphasizing the first word of his greeting as he warmly pressed Goddard's hand. "I am always ready and waiting for you. But—"

As the major sat down before the glowing grate fire and his features stood out in relief in the light of the lamp—"you really do not look well, old man."

Goddard smiled and motioned to a chair. His smile was a very artificial affair, his features mechanical.

"Sit down," he said, "before I lose my courage."

Father Surtees complied, wonderingly.

"You have been a profound mystery to me for the last month, Rowland. Would you believe I was joking if I were to tell you I have lost sleep worrying over you lately? When I close my eyes at night I often see your face and its awful gloom and mystery drives my rest away. I am glad you came. I was going to look you up if you hadn't."

"Do you remember how I laughed once," said the major, "at the idea some fellow at the club advanced that there could really be such a thing as an unparadiseable sin?"

"I think I agreed with you," said the priest, stroking his round, beardless face, while his gray eyes gleamed in the light of the fire.

The major drew a deep breath. It was like the sigh of a dying man.

"Would you mind lowering that lamp?" he said.

"Certainly not." And rather Surtees leaned back in his rocking chair and turned down the light.

"I like it this way myself," he said. "One can think better in a subdued light like this from the grate."

"I am not a member of your church," began Goddard; "but if I were to make a special request would you allow me to make a confession to you—to unburden a conscience that is tottering on the verge of spiritual despair?"

"You know I should listen to anything you said, dear friend, as I would to the trouble of a brother."

Goddard drew himself up in his chair.

"I am hungering for something else," said he. "I have heard that a confession made in due form under the rules of your church really does help men maddened by the consequences of—of their crimes. I want that aid—whatever it is. I want it if you can by any hook or crook get it for me."

"If you have done wrong, God will pardon it," answered the priest, bending forward and sympathetically looking into the face of his visitor. "The pardon of God is the most beautiful law of the universe. You can get it. You have it now, for I see that you have already repented as deeply as man can."

Goddard laughed harshly.

"Wait until I tell you my story," he said.

"I am ready to hear it."

"I dislike to begin it, because I know that you will never look at me in the old way again," said the major; "but to know that I have confided my agony to some one will help a little."

"Nothing you have done could make me feel differently towards you, my old friend, so go ahead. I feel that God will let me help you. I think I have helped every soul that has ever confessed to me."

Then in a low, uneven voice Goddard told the story of his first love for his ward, his intention of making her his wife.

"Ah, I remember that well!" put in Father Surtees. "I remember when you first came to me in your boyish enthusiasm and told me about her. Then you remember, when you introduced me to her, how her rare beauty, her wonderful personality swept me off my feet in admiration. Why, old man, I felt like shouting for joy when you told me she was to be your wife."

"Then I met the other," said Goddard.

"Ah, yes, you met the other!" The eyes of the priest were fixed on the rug at his feet. And as the major began the second part of his recital, and plunged into the details of Jeanne's plot, Father Surtees' face seemed to turn to bronze in the fitful gleams of the burning coals. He sat listening with clenched hands, his fine features almost awry from the mental strain upon him.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed.

"I knew you would be quite unprepared for my disclosure," said Goddard.

"You see, even your church can't undertake to palliate such stupendous offenses against human law and order."

"And you say you now love Blanche?" said the priest.

"As I never dreamt I could love—it has been a revelation of all the forces of tenderness which lay dormant in me. There is but one solution I can make of it, and that is that God has visited this love upon me as the only adequate punishment for my crime. I tell you there is a hell. I am in it. I had rather undergo the physical pangs of an eternity in burning flames than to bear this month longer."

Father Surtees clasped his quivering hands between his knees.

"God have mercy on you," he said. "Poor, poor Blanche! I have never seen a creature nearer to God, my friend."

For about five minutes nothing more was said. Then Goddard broke the stillness.

"I have thought of suicide," he said. "That could not possibly help you or her," declared the priest.

"I am withheld even from that cowardly act because the shock would kill her. Don't you see how I am buffeted about by the consequences of my crime?"

"I see I see. And for the same reason you cannot tell her that she is not your wife."

"No, that would kill her. Dr. Fleming said she would not be able to bear the slightest shock or excitement."

"When did you see him?"

"I have not seen him since he examined Blanche."

"How did you find out that Blanche has this—this terrible disease?"

"I have just told you that Jeanne told me that Dr. Fleming had confided it to her. He enjoined it on her to keep it even from me, and by all means from Blanche."

[To Be Continued.]

## A MISCHIEVOUS MIDDY.

Feats and Tricks of Rear Admiral Francis Gregory When a Midshipman.

Mr. Park Benjamin's recent history of the United States Naval academy, full of the kind of information which readers delight, and which reads as dust historians scorn. Solid facts are vivified by accompanying anecdotes; and tradition, giving glimpses of the life of the American midshipman as his successor, the naval cadet, from the revolution to the Spanish war. The show him to have been always gallant and lively, and always very much a boy even under serious circumstances, and says Youth's Companion.

One characteristic tale is told of Rear Admiral Francis Gregory when midshipman, during the war of 1812.

He attempted single-handed to blow up a British frigate in the St. Lawrence by means of a torpedo. Clad only in his underclothes, with a cord lashed to reach across the river, fastened by one end round his neck and attached at the other to the torpedo, he swam to the vessel.

Although belated by being swept off the shore by the current, he managed to reach her, scrambled up on her rudder, dropped his torpedo and had begun to attack it, when he heard the boatswain's piped "All hands up anchor!"

That meant failure, for she would billow under weigh before he could finish, and then his undertaking would be impossible; so he slipped back into the water unperceived, and still towing his dangerous companion, swam back to the American shore.

"That was the heroic part of the undertaking," says Mr. Benjamin; "the boy part followed. He was obliged to remain in concealment until nightfall, and during the interval he ruminated in disgust upon the failure of his expedition until he made up his mind he would get some personal gratification, if nothing else, out of it."

"So, having discovered an abandoned lime-kiln near by, he lugged his torpedo over it, and in the silence of night fired it! The consternation which the terrific explosion created throughout the surrounding country was immense, and the keen enjoyment thereof by Midshipman Gregory went far to console him for his earlier disappointment."

## HE WAS CONSIDERATE.

Didn't Mention Any Names When Reading the Regulations to His Inferiors.

In every up-to-date and well-regulated hotel the force of waiters is rigidly disciplined and each one is intrusted with special duties aside from those of the dining-room. The disciplinary system at one of Detroit's prominent hotels is as severely exact almost as that controlling a body of soldiers, says the Free Press. The head waiter is an Irishman with a thick brogue and every morning before the duties of the day begin he lines his men up in the dining-room and impresses upon them the rules of the establishment and lectures them as to their behavior. He looked unusually serious, the other morning as he stood before the soberly-dressed waiters and nervously flapped the ends of his swallow-tail coat.

"Gentlemen," he began. "O'm obliged to make a few remarks this mornin' on a subject that is very painful to me, an' wan that consarns all yer yez voitally. It has bin reported an good authority that wan yer (O!) won't say which wan) has bin so doin' Oi mane indiscrete—as teh be makin' diprecatory remarks about th' propriety yer this hotel an' th' way tis conducted. Now, this kind yer ting hav got teh be stopped. Oi don't want teh be personal be minshinin' any names, but th' man that has cha-arge yer th' silver better kape his oye peeled an' put a padlock an his tongue."

## The Old Story.

Kitty—Jack told me last night he was going to kiss me, and I said if he dared to do such a thing I would scream.

Jane—What did he say to that?

"He got up and shut the parlor door."

"Is that all?"

"Well—I screamed."—Detroit Free Press.

## Naturally.

Dashaway—Here comes Cawkerly. He says that you and he were thrown together quite a good deal last summer.

Cleverton—Yes. We were both engaged to the same girl.—Detroit Free Press.

## Ambition.

Ambition may be a virtue, but it is the parent of many vices.—Chicago Daily News.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

In 1890 there were in India only 797 ordained Indian ministers of the Gospel, but last year there were 1,010.

A Christian Endeavor society at Cape Nome, Alaska, has resulted in the organization of a Presbyterian church by Rev. Lyman Seroggs. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., assisted in the organization and Gov. Brady was present.

It is said in Boston that one is almost sure to see Rev. E. E. Hale on the street in the vicinity of the Unitarian building some time every Monday morning. He does not seem to have grown a day older in the last 15 years.

The "Old First" Presbyterian church of New York city, of which Dr. Howard Duffield is pastor, is now open daily for prayer and meditation, a distinction which it shares with few.

All kinds of Dry Goods—This is not a clearance sale.

**G. W. Davis**  
\$7.50.

See  
Our  
Suits.

\$7.50. Boys and Children Overcoats.

FOURTH & MAIN STS., PARIS, KY.

You Do, or You Need Glasses.

men and society and, though a good forcible, is, in effect, an acknowledgment that the question which the great poets of the past have at least stated in novel form are to be avoided as perplexing, if not insoluble, says the Hartford Courant. Much of it is description of natural objects, scenery, aspects of nature and the like, correct in form, but not suffused with feeling, which alone prevents descriptive poetry from being tame and prosaic. The whole seems devoid of energy, as if written to order and after a model. There is nothing that a reader cares to memorize or even cut out and paste in his scrapbook. The fatal lack of poetic energy, both of thought and expression, is everywhere apparent, evinced not only by the fact that the quatrains or sonnets to which writers confine themselves, though neat, antithetical and polished, are not striking. They lack the power to make us think, in most cases they lack the power to hold our attention. They seem to be written from habit, not from the outburst of a slow-gathered impulse. They are usually glanced at and skipped by readers. As a rule they are good evidence in the affirmative of the question: "Has the age of poetical expression in the English language passed?"

All the verse in our modern periodicals has, however, one quality; it is correct. On reading 53 poems—or "bits of verse"—in the magazines of the month we find no straining of "poetic license;" only two instances of imperfect rhymes and only three or four instances of redundant syllables. The meter formula is carefully observed, misplaced accents are rare as strong, vigorous lines are all "splendidly regular, ielly dull." The gaiety and the seriousness are alike "machinically made," and the lines in which they are embodied are sandpapered and varnished to perfection. The poet does not hum a tune carelessly like Burns or fervidly like Shelly; he plays his scales on a piano in perfect tune. May not this perfection be one of the reasons for the deplorable ineffectiveness of modern verse?

## Electric Lights for Trains.

Electric train lighting has now passed the experimental stage and bids fair to displace other systems for the illumination of passenger trains, on account of its cheapness and safety. It is the only absolutely safe method, since, in case of wreck, there is no inflammable material, such as gas or oil, to cause fire in the wreckage. At the same time, electric lighting from batteries fed by dynamos driven by the car axle has proved itself so cheap that in Austria, where the system has been worked out very fully, it is found that electric lighting is cheaper than oil, gas or candles.—N. Y. Sun.

## Marriage in Hindoostan.

Marriages in Hindoostan are very simple and are usually arranged by the parents of the principals. When an alliance is agreed upon the bride and groom are brought together and perhaps see each other for the first time. The bride playfully skips toward him and seats herself beside him. The priest ties a corner of the bride's veil to the groom's shawl and this simple proceeding makes them man and wife.—Chicago Chronicle.

## CHESAPEAKE &amp; OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.  
IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.

EAST BOUND.		WEST BOUND.	
Lv Louisville	8:00am	8:00am	6:00pm
Ar Lexington	11:00am	8:40pm	
Ar Winchester	11:30am	9:10pm	8:20pm
Ar Lexington	11:50am	9:30pm	8:40pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:45pm	8:50pm
Ar Washington	6:00pm	2:40pm	
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am	7:00pm	
Ar New York	12:00pm	9:00pm	

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

Agent L. & N. R. Ry., Paris, Ky., or, GEORGE W. BARNEY, Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

## G. W. DAVIS,

FURNITURE!

CARPETS,

WALL PAPER, ETC.

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

Calls for Ambulance Attended to Promptly.

Day Phone, 137. Night, 100.

## SMITH &amp; ARNSPARGER

NON-UNION AGENTS,



## THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting  
All golden in the sun,  
And strong and stalwart reapers  
Went by him one by one.  
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"  
His heart made bitter cry:  
"I can do nothing! nothing!"  
So weak, alas! am I.

At even a fainting traveler  
Sank down beside the door;  
A cup of crystal water  
To quench his thirst he bore.  
And when, refreshed and strengthened,  
The traveler went his way,  
Upon the poor man's threshold  
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,  
He cried: "Oh! Master kind,  
One sheaf I have to offer,  
But that I did not bind.  
I gave a cup of water  
To one athirst, and he  
Left at my door, in going,  
This sheaf I offer Thee."

Then said the Master, softly:  
"Well pleased with this am I;  
One of my angels left it  
With thee, as he passed by.  
Thou mayst not join the reapers  
Upon the harvest plain,  
But he who helps a brother  
Binds sheaves of richest grain."  
—Eben E. Rexford, in Chicago Advance.



By Will N. Harben.  
(Copyright, 1900, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.)

## CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

From a good position, hidden by a truck loaded with luggage, he saw Blanche alight from the train and signal to a hansom. Then, while her back was turned towards him, he called another, and after he had taken his seat he pointed to Blanche's hansom which was turning into the street.

"I want to keep that lady in sight," he told the cabman; "do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," with a broad, pleased grin. "Detective, sir?"

"No; do as I tell you."

"All right, sir; pardon, sir."

The two cabs preserved a mean distance of half a block between each other. It was a cloudy day, as warm as spring. The asphalt pavements were wet and slick and the horses often slipped to the ground. Blanche's hansom turned into Fourth avenue and headed down town. Below Cooper Union it ran into the Bowery. And along this thoroughfare, with the double tracks of the elevated railway overhead, the two vehicles forged ahead as rapidly as the perpetual stream of cars, wagons and cabs would permit. They passed the City Hall park and then ran into Beekman street. Goddard saw Blanche's cabman scanning the doors in search of a number, and knew she was near her destination.

The major rapped on the top of the cab, and the driver looked in at him through the hole in the roof.

"Well, sir?" he said.

"If the lady should get out keep your eye on the house and put me down near there," ordered the major.

"Right you are, sir."

In the most disreputable part of the lower end of Beekman street the foremost hansom came to a halt before a red brick five-story building. The major saw the face of his ward for a single moment as she stood on the ground and held up her fare to the cabman, his own driver having reined in behind a wagon loaded with bales of hay.

Goddard felt like a spy, but he told himself he had the right to follow her, fearing that she was being led into danger.

"I shall get down here," he said, hurriedly, when Blanche had gone into the house. The cabman took his double fee reluctantly.

"Had I better wait about here, sir?" he asked, evidently the prey of curiosity.

"No, I shall not need you," and the major was off. When he reached the building Blanche had entered he saw nothing of her. The entrance was very unclean. A barrel of rags stood at the foot of the stairway and three tattered boys were tossing pennies in the doorway.

"A lady came in here just now," he said to the first smutty visage that turned towards him.

"Went upstairs," said the owner of the face.

"Do you know which floor?" asked Goddard.

The boy did not, and shook his head. "She asked for the Simpsons," said another urchin. "They are top floor back."

"Who are the Simpsons?" asked the major.

"I don't know, sir," said the first boy who had spoken. "You can't miss it; it's as high as you can go."

It then occurred to Goddard that that Blanche had been beguiled into some sort of trap he felt his inability to defend her in an emergency, and yet he almost ran up the five flights of narrow, unswayed stairs. Reaching the top, and seeing a door at the side of which stood a bedstead which had been taken apart and a mattress and ragged bed coverings, he bent his ear to listen. For a moment he heard nothing, and then suddenly from the room came the sound of weeping and the wailing of a woman's voice. This startled him, and he tried the door latch. It turned. The door opened into a cheerless room. Around the walls sat a dozen old men and women as still and sient as Quakers at a meeting. A door in this room opened into another chamber, and there he saw a throng of women and children, and thence issued the sounds of sobs and cries of grief. Bewildered, he went to the door and looked for Blanche. His eyes fell on the corpse of a woman covered to her wrinkled

face with a white sheet. Looking over the heads of this group Goddard saw Blanche seated on a low couch between two sobbing young girls. She had an arm round the waist of each, and the major heard her trembling voice try to speak words of consolation.

"Oh, Mrs. Goddard," the elder girl said, "I cannot bear it—I simply cannot give her up. She was all we had—oh—all!"

So much was Blanche concerned in the duty before her that she did not look up. A light broke upon the major, but he did not have the presence of mind to retreat unnoticed, as he might easily have done. His relief at finding his fears ungrounded was so great that he felt weak all over. Suddenly the younger of the two girls with Blanche looked up. She pointed at him, and touched her sister across Blanche's lap.

"It must be the new doctor," she said. Blanche stared at him in bewilderment for an instant. A slight flush mantled her brow.

"No, it is my husband," she said; "excuse me a moment."

She came to him at once. "Why did you come?" she asked, a look of embarrassment on her face. "I—I am so surprised. I really do not understand how—"

He drew her to the side of the room away from several persons who were listening curiously.

"I have no excuse for spying on you," he said, lamely; "none, except that I was afraid you were in danger, and I came to—to protect you."

"I don't understand," she said. "I really do not."

For a moment he was reduced to saying: "Pardon my foolishness, dear; do pardon me!"

"Oh, don't think I am finding fault," she said, quickly. "I am glad you are here now, but—"

"I may as well tell you that I have enemies, darling little girl, enemies who would entrap you—take your life, anything to take revenge on me. When first I saw that letter I did not like its appearance, and when you would not tell me about it my fears got the best of me."

"It was from Mary, there—the older of the two girls," replied Blanche. "I knew her and her mother when—"

Blanche flushed a little—"when I used to visit this quarter when I was in school. Ever since then she and I have been friends, and I have tried to help her family. They are so poor. I ought to have told you that I was engaged in this sort of work, at least after we were married; but, knowing that your other wife was opposed to such things, I thought you might think I was parading my deeds, so I could not tell you about it."

"Oh, darling, you are an angel, and I am not worthy to touch the hem of your garments! God have mercy on me—you don't really know the man you have married. If you did you would turn from me as you would from a leper."

Her face shrank sensitively before the force of his strong sentences.

"You are the noblest, most abused man in the world, and I love you too dearly to believe anything against you," she exclaimed, with startled tenderness. "But you'd better leave me now. I am perfectly safe. I have been here often before. I know almost every family in the building. I shall be very busy all day. This death is awfully hard on these poor girls. You and I, who have so much to be thankful for, ought not to stand talking of imaginary troubles in the presence of such reality as this."

"When shall you come home?" he asked.

"On the five o'clock train, I think. Good-by, till then."

That afternoon while making some purchases in one of the big shops on Sixth avenue Blanche met Lottie Dean.

"Oh, you dear thing!" cried the latter, giving Blanche a little impulsive hug. "I am so glad to see you, but I haven't a moment to spare. Papa is in the carriage at the door, and is as crusty and impatient as a bear. You have been saying nice things about me."

"I always do that, dear," answered Blanche.

"You have been talking to Mr. Talley about me; he has told me of a number of nice things that only you could have said."

"Have you seen him lately?" Blanche inquired.

"Have I seen him? Well, I like that!" cried Miss Dean, with a pretty affectation of resentment.

"He has been to see you, Lottie?"

"Twice—three times in one week," announced Miss Dean. "Oh, he is so good and charming."

"Ah, I begin to see," answered Blanche. "He is a good man, Lottie. My guardian—I mean my husband—trusts him implicitly. He and a number of other business men are about to start a bank and they are going to ask Mr. Talley to be cashier."

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Miss Dean, excitedly. "I introduced him to papa the other night. I was awfully afraid papa would not want him to continue his visits, but he seemed to like him very much. Blanche, I shan't forget that I met him at your house—that is, if it is—"

"Don't say 'if' when it is already three times a week," broke in Blanche, with a laugh, and the two girls parted.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Major Goddard's most intimate friend in New York was Father Surtees, a priest, who lived in a comfortable home in Madison avenue. Goddard liked him for his liberal views on all religious subjects, and for his exemplary life. They had been chums at Harvard, belonged to the same regiment, in which Father Surtees was chaplain, and frequently met in their

club. They had made a tour of Europe together, had slept in the same bed; in short, were ideal friends.

The afternoon following the incident recorded in the foregoing chapter Goddard went to visit this priest. The afternoon was as cloudy as the preceding day had been, and Father Surtees' study was lighted by a green-shaded lamp on his big writing table, which was strewn with manuscripts and notes for a book he was writing.

"I hope I am not interrupting," said the major, as he was shown in.

"You can't interrupt me, old man," said Father Surtees, emphasizing the first word of his greeting as he warmly pressed Goddard's hand. "I am always ready and waiting for you. But—"

as the major sat down before the glowing grate fire and his features stood out in relief in the light of the lamp—"you really do not look well, old man."

Goddard smiled and motioned to a chair. His smile was a very artificial affair, his features mechanical.

"Sit down," he said, "before I lose my courage."

Father Surtees complied, wonderingly.

"You have been a profound mystery to me for the last month, Rowland. Would you believe I was joking if I were to tell you I have lost sleep worrying over you lately? When I close my eyes at night I often see your face and its awful gloom and mystery drives my rest away. I am glad you came. I was going to look you up if you hadn't."

"Do you remember how I laughed once," said the major, "at the idea some fellow at the club advanced that there could really be such a thing as an unpardonable sin?"

"I think I agreed with you," said the priest, stroking his round, beardless face, while his gray eyes gleamed in the light of the fire.

The major drew a deep breath. It was like the sigh of a dying man.

"Would you mind lowering that lamp?" he said.

"Certainly not." And rather Surtees leaned back in his rocking chair and turned down the light.

"Like it this way myself," he said. "One can think better in a subdued light like this from the grate."

"I am not a member of your church," began Goddard; "but if I were to make a special request would you allow me to make a confession to you—to unburden a conscience that is tottering on the verge of spiritual despair?"

"You know I should listen to anything you said, dear friend, as I would to the trouble of a brother."

Goddard drew himself up in his chair.

"I am hungering for something else," said he. "I have heard that a confession made in due form under the rules of your church really does help men maddened by the consequences of—of their crimes. I want that aid—whatever it is. I want it if you can by any hook or crook get it for me."

"If you have done wrong, God will pardon it," answered the priest, bending forward and sympathetically looking into the face of his visitor. "The pardon of God is the most beautiful law of the universe. You can get it. You have it now, for I see that you have already repented as deeply as man can."

Goddard laughed harshly.

"Wait until I tell you my story," he said.

"I am ready to hear it."

"I dislike to begin it, because I know that you will never look at me in the old way again," said the major; "but to know that I have confided my agony to some one will help a little."

"Nothing you have done could make me feel differently towards you, my old friend, so go ahead. I feel that God will let me help you. I think I have helped every soul that has ever confessed to me."

Then in a low, uneven voice Goddard told the story of his first love for his ward, his intention of making her his wife.

"Ah, I remember that well!" put in Father Surtees. "I remember when you first came to me in your boyish enthusiasm and told me about her. Then you remember, when you introduced me to her, how her rare beauty, her wonderful personality swept me off my feet in admiration. Why, old man, I felt like shouting for joy when you told me she was to be your wife."

"Then I met the other," said Goddard.

"Ah, yes, you met the other!" The eyes of the priest were fixed on the rug at his feet. And as the major began the second part of his recital, and plunged into the details of Jeanne's plot, Father Surtees' face seemed to turn to bronze in the fitful gleams of the burning coals. He sat listening with clenched hands, his fine features almost awry from the mental strain upon him.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed.

"I knew you would be quite unprepared for my disclosure," said Goddard. "You see, even your church can't undertake to palliate such stupendous offenses against human law and order."

"And you say you now love Blanche?" said the priest.

"As I never dreamt I could love—"

he had been a revelation of all the forces of tenderness which lay dormant in me. There is but one solution I can make of it, and that is that God has visited this love upon me as the only adequate punishment for my crime. I tell you there is a hell. I am in it. I had rather undergo the physical pangs of an eternity in burning flames than to bear this a month longer."

Father Surtees clasped his quivering hands between his knees.

"God have mercy on you," he said. "Poor, poor Blanche! I have never seen a creature nearer to God, my friend."

For about five minutes nothing more was said. Then Goddard broke the stillness.

"I have thought of suicide," he said. "That could not possibly help you or her," declare, the priest.

"I am withheld even from that cowardly act because the shock would kill her. Don't you see how I am buffeted about by the consequences of my crime?"

"I see I see. And for the same reason you cannot tell her that she is not your wife."

"No, that would kill her. Dr. Fleming said she would not be able to bear the slightest shock or excitement."

"When did you see him?"

"I have not seen him since he examined Blanche."

"How did you find out that Blanche has this—this terrible disease?"

"I have just told you that Jeanne told me that Dr. Fleming had confided it to her. He enjoined it on her to keep it even from me, and by all means from Blanche."

[To Be Continued.]

## A MISCHIEVOUS MIDDY.

Feats and Tricks of Rear Admiral Francis Gregory When a Midshipman.

Mr. Park Benjamin's recent history of the United States Naval academy, full of the kind of information which readers delight, and which as-dust historians scorn. Solid facts are vivified by accompanying anecdote and tradition, giving glimpses of the life of the American midshipman at his successor, the naval cadet, from the revolution to the Spanish war. The show him to have been always gallant, always lively, and always very much a boy even under serious circumstance says Youth's Companion.

One characteristic tale is told of Rear Admiral Francis Gregory when midshipman, during the war of 1812.

He attempted single-handed to blow up a British frigate in the St. Lawrence by means of a torpedo. Clad only in his underclothes, with a cord long enough to reach across the river, fastened by one end round his neck and attached at the other to the torpedo, he swam to the vessel.

Although belated by being swept out of his course, he at length reached her, scrambled up on her rudder, drew up his torpedo and had begun to attach it, when he heard the boatswain's pipe "All hands up anchor!"

That meant failure, for she would be under weigh before he could finish, and then his undertaking would be impossible; so he slipped back into the water unperceived, and still towing his dangerous companion, swam back to the American shore.

"That was the heroic part of the undertaking," says Mr. Benjamin; "the boy part followed. He was obliged to remain in concealment until night-fall, and during the interval he ruminated in disgust upon the failure of his expedition until he made up his mind he would get some personal gratification, if nothing else, out of it."

"So, having discovered an abandoned lime-kiln near by, he lugged his torpedo there, pucked in stones and brick over it, and in the silence of night fired it! The consternation which the terrific explosion created throughout the surrounding country was immense, and the keen enjoyment thereof by Midshipman Gregory went far to console him for his earlier disappointment."

## HE WAS CONSIDERATE.

Didn't Mention Any Names When Reading the Regulations to His Inferiors.

In every up-to-date and well-regulated hotel the force of waiters is rigidly disciplined and each one is intrusted with special duties aside from those of the dining-room. The disciplinary system at one of Detroit's prominent hotels is as severely exact almost as that controlling a body of soldiers, says the Free Press. The head waiter is an Irishman with a thick brogue and every morning before the duties of the day begin he lines his men up in the dining-room and impresses upon them the rules of the establishment and lectures them as to their behavior. He looked unusually serious the other morning as he stood before the soberly-dressed waiters and nervously flapped the ends of his swallow-tail coat.

"Gentlemen," he began, "O'm obliged teh make a few remarks this mornin' on a subject that is very painful teh me, an' wan that consarns all iv yez voitally. It has bin reported an good aotirity that wan iv yez (O'wonn't say which wan) has bin so da-O' mane indiscrete—as teh be makin' d'preatory remarks about th' propriety iv this hotel an' th' way t'is conducted. Now, this kind iv t'ing hav got teh be stopped. O' don't want teh be personal be minshinin' any names, but th' man that has charge iv th' silver better kape his oye peeled an' put a padlock on his tongue."

## The Old Story.

Kitty—Jack told me last night he was going to kiss me, and I said if he dared to do such a thing I would scream.

Jane—What did he say to that? "He got up and shut the parlor door."

"Is that all?"

"Well—I screamed."—Detroit Free Press.

## Naturally.

Dashaway—Here comes Cawkerly. He says that you and he were thrown together quite a good deal last summer.

Clevertown—Yes. We were both engaged to the same girl.—Detroit Free Press.

## Ambition.

Ambition may be a virtue, but it is the parent of many vices.—Chicago Daily News.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

In 1890 there were in India only 797 ordained Indian ministers of the Gospel, but last year there were 1,010.

A Christian Endeavor society at Cape Nome, Alaska, has resulted in the organization of a Presbyterian church by Rev. Lyman Scroggs. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., assisted in the organization and Gov. Brady was present.

It is said in Boston that one is almost sure to see Rev. E. E. Hale on the street in the vicinity of the Unitarian building some time every Monday morning. He does not seem to have grown a day older in the last 15 years.

The "Old First" Presbyterian church of New York city, of which Dr. Howard Duffield is pastor, is now open daily for prayer and meditation, a distinction which it shares with few

## CHESAPEAKE &amp; OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.  
IN EFFECT JULY 14, 1900.

EAST BOUND.  
Lv. Louisville . . . 8:00am 6:00pm  
Ar. Lexington . . . 11:00am 8:40pm  
Ar. Frankfort . . . 11:00am 8:40pm  
Ar. Winchester . . . 11:00am 8:40pm  
Ar. Mt. Sterling . . . 11:00am 8:40pm  
Ar. Washington . . . 11:00am 8:40pm  
Ar. Philadelphia . . . 11:00am 8:40pm  
Ar. New York . . . 11:00am 8:40pm

WEST BOUND.  
Ar. Winchester . . . 7:57am 4:50pm 6:50am 2:45pm  
Ar. Lexington . . . 8:12am 5:10pm 7:00am 3:00pm  
Ar. Frankfort . . . 8:26am 5:24pm 7:16am 3:14pm  
Ar. Shelbyville . . . 8:40am 5:38pm 7:30am 3:28pm  
Ar. Louisville . . . 11:00am 8:00pm

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on F. B. CARR, Agent L. & N. R. R., Paris, Ky., or, GEORGE W. BARNEY, Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

## G. W. DAVIS,

FURNITURE,

CARPETS,

WALL PAPER, ETC.

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

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RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE

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5 BROADWAY, PARIS, KY.

(Times 9-15)

## A NEW TRAIN WEST

The "St. Louis Limited"

VIA

BIG FOUR

TO

TEXAS, KANSAS, and MISSOURI

Leave Cincinnati . . . 12.20 noon.

Arrive Indianapolis . . . 3.25 p. m.

Arrive St. Louis . . . 9.45 p. m.

PARLOR CARS.

MODERN COACHES.

DINING CARS.

Ask for Tickets via Big Four Route.

WARREN J. LYNCH, Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

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J. E. REEVES, Genl. Southern Agent, Cincinnati, O.

C. C. CLARK, T. P. A., Chattanooga.

LIME!

If you want pure white lime leave your orders at my office on Main street. All orders promptly attended to.

JACOB SCHWARTZ

New

Railroad to

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Santa Fe Route, by

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Valley Extension.

The only line with

track and trains under



## THE BOURBON NEWS

(Twentieth Year—Established 1881.)

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.  
SWIFT CHAMP, }

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce CASWELL PREWITT, of Montgomery county, as a candidate for State Senator from this the Twenty-eighth District, composed of the counties of Clark, Bourbon and Montgomery, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce A. W. Hamilton, of Montgomery county, as a candidate for State Senator from this the Twenty-eighth District, composed of the counties of Clark, Bourbon and Montgomery, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce ALBERT S. THOMPSON, as a candidate for Representative, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Hon. Horace Miller as a candidate for the Legislature subject to the action of the Democratic party. Mr. Miller will vote for Judge J. E. Cantrill for U. S. Senator.

## JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Wm. C. Dodson as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. JUDY as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. H. BOONE as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Wm. B. NICKELS as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce ROLIE T. BUDWELL as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM'L T. JAMES as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Frank Duvall, of Ruddles Mills, will be my deputy.

We are authorized to announce HARVEY HIBLER, of Paris, as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon County, with HENRY L. CAYWOOD, of North Middletown, as deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. PEDDICOKE as a candidate for the office of Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected, my deputy will be W. G. McClintock.

## SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

We are authorized to announce MISS NELLIE B. BEDFORD, as a candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools for Bourbon county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce F. L. MCCHESNEY as a candidate for the office of School Superintendent, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## POLICE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce C. D. WEBB, as a candidate for re-election as Police Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce MORRIS FITZGERALD, as a candidate for Police Judge of Paris, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN J. WILLIAMS as a candidate for the office of Police Judge of Paris, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce ED. T. HINTON as a candidate for the office of Police Judge of Paris subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. B. JANVARY as a candidate for the office of Police Judge of Paris, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## FOR CORONER.

We are authorized to announce DR. H. H. ROBERTS as a candidate for Coroner, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce DR. WM. KFXNEY as a candidate for Coroner, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## A. S. Thompson for Representative.

In response to the call printed in the last issue of THE NEWS, and signed by almost the entire voting population of the Clintonville precinct, Mr. A. S. Thompson asks THE NEWS to announce his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Representative of Bourbon county.

Mr. Thompson is one of the most upright and honorable citizens of this county, a loyal and true Democrat, and deserves some recognition from his party in return for his hard labors in its behalf. The Republican party recognized the worth of Mr. Thompson when they had him arrested a short time since on a trumped up charge of intimidating voters. A Federal Court, however, honorably acquitted him of the charge. Mr. Thompson is a practical farmer, a very intelligent and polished gentleman, and if he secures the nomination will be elected and will represent Bourbon county in a manner alike creditable to himself and his constituents.

But is J. Clay, of Richmond, is a candidate for the Gaulemahan mission, now held by Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter.

## A Cranky Critic.

In yesterday's issue of the Paris Gazette the editor took occasion to advise the people of Paris not to attend the performances of the Kliment-Hern Company, which is now showing in Paris. Mr. Stitt has never seen a performance by this company, and knows nothing regarding their artistic ability. His only excuse, aside from malice, in roasting them is that we have had too many repertoire companies here this season. Mr. Stitt recently wrote an article roasting Mr. Clay Clement before he appeared here. We leave it to those who saw the performance last night and also that of Mr. Clement, as to whether his criticisms are deserving of notice.

R. S. PORTER,  
(It) Manager Grand Opera House

## MILLERSBURG.

Ashby Leer is on the Louisville brakes this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom July are visiting her sister, Mrs. Long, in Midway.

Prof. Fisher has received several new boarders at the M. F. C. the past week.

Mrs. Mary Howard, of Carlisle, is the guest of her sons, Charles and Ben Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marr, of Huntington, Va., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Allen.

Mrs. W. V. Shaw returned Saturday from a month's visit with her parents at Butler, Ky.

McIntyre & McClintock shipped two cars of cattle and one of hogs to Cincinnati, Thursday.

Mrs. Lizzie Howe Miller was called to Covington to see her father, Robert Howe, who is very ill.

Miss Anna Evans Bright, of Danville, was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. S. M. Allen, from Saturday to Monday.

The students of the M. T. S. will give an entertainment Friday night, assisted by Mrs. C. M. Best's elocution class.

Messrs. Dwight Bowden, Rodney Quinby, Pierce Patton, Horace Redmon, of Paris, visited friends here Sunday.

Miss Clarine Layson, daughter of Wm. Layson fell Friday at M. F. C. and broke her arm, this being the second time in a year.

The Cumberland Telephone Co. have shipped part of their fixtures for the local plant, and will commence work in a few days.

Will call for your laundry on Wednesday and returned Friday for Bourbon Steam Laundry.

## J. WILL CLARK.

Mr. French, for the Continental Tobacco Company, bought the crop of Perry Jefferson at 6½c, Chas. Martin at 7c, Dr. Mathers at 6½c and Royce Allen at 8c.

Joseph T. Conway, aged about sixty-eight years, died Sunday morning at Edmond Hardy's, near Hooktown. He was a brother of the late Jas. Conway, and was never married. Burial Monday at the Conway burying ground, near Hooktown.

## MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

Thomas Stevens, aged 87, and Mrs. Lou Ann Corbin, aged 78, were married at White Oak, Bath county. The groom has eight living children, fourteen grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. The bride also has a large family.

Mr. R. Johnson Taylor and Miss Francis Evelyn Brown, both well known young people of Shelbyville, will wed Thursday. The groom is a son of O. F. Taylor, deceased, formerly in the hardware business in this city.

Wm. Corbin and Miss Laura D. Cannon were married at Lexington last week, Rev. Dr. Rutherford, of this city, performing the ceremony.

Robert Hanu, of Orangeburg, and Miss Emma Brannel, of Bourbon, were married at Maysville on the 8th inst.

The marriage of Miss Annie Jacoby, of Hutchinson, and Mr. Nathaniel Hay, of Springfield, Mo., will be solemnized at the residence of Rev. Joseph Young, in St. Louis, on February 7. The groom is a cousin of Secretary of State Hay.

Andrew Hart, of Clark county, has been granted a patent on his voting machine.

## JAY BIRD!

(SIRE OF.)  
ALLERTON 2:09½, Early Bird 2:10,  
Miss Jay 2:11½, Rose Croix 2:11¼; 83  
2:30 Performers.

\$100 To Insure.

## Scarlet Wilkes,

Pacing Record 2:22½, Trial 2:14¼,  
trotting trial 2:27.

(SIRE OF)  
GEORGE 2:08½, Pacing, 2:13¼ trotting;  
Mercury Wilkes 2:14½; Captain White 2:15; The Duke 2:16; Elsie Harris 2:24; Marlboro 2:25; Alice Frazier 2:21½.

By Red Wilkes sire of 148 2:30 Performers.

Dan Tipsey (dam of The Shah 2:10½; Scarlet Wilkes 2:23½; Glen Mary 2:25½; Glenwood sire of 3 in 2:30 list) By Alcade son of Mambrino Chief sire of the Great Mambrino Patchen.

2nd dam Mary Weaver (dam of Don 2:22½; Robin M. 2:2½; Mary B. 2:29) By Vermont Black Hawk.

SCARLET WILKES is a beautiful Mahogany, bay 15.3, and weighs 1,150. He sires trotters and pacers and the best saddle horses in the country. He has the very best disposition and his colts are level headed and good lookers.

\$25 to Insure.

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## Grand Opera House!

L. H. RAMSEY, Lessee and Manager.  
R. S. PORTER, . . . Resident Manager.

2 NIGHTS  
1 MATINEE 1  
Commencing Monday night 21  
JANUARY  
Engagement extraordinary of the famous

## KLIMENT-HERN CO

The recognized popular price amusement enterprise of America. \$15,000 invested in scenery, royalties, electrical effects. Entire change of specialties and moving pictures at every performance.

MONDAY NIGHT—  
"A NUTMEG MATCH."  
TUESDAY MATINEE—  
"AN INNOCENT SINNER."  
TUESDAY NIGHT—  
"THE COMMODORE."

Night prices—10, 20 and 30 cents. Tuesday matinee will begin at three p. m. in order to give school children an opportunity to attend. Matinee prices, children ten cents, adults twenty cents.

The Kliment-Hern Co. is the best repertoire company that has ever appeared in Lexington.—Lexington Leader.

Opera House  
Thursday, Jan. 24th.

## WOOD &amp; WARD'S

Big Spectacular Comedy

## Two Merry Tramps.

20 Complete Sets Magnificent  
Scenery. 20 Able Artists. 20  
Specialties.

Common Sense Prices:  
15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Reserved seats at Brooks' Wednesday.

## Administrator's Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of Walter Champ, deceased, will present the same, properly proven, according to law, to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of same will please call on undersigned and settle.

SWIFT CHAMP,  
Administrator of Walter Champ, dec'd.  
C. ARNSPARGER, Att'y.  
29decimo

OYSTER?  
HUNGRY?

If you want the best Oysters on the Paris Market, call on us.

Of course, we have everything that goes along with Oysters that help to make up a Kentucky dinner.

Everything you'd expect to find in a grocery, we have—fresh stock. Rush orders are filled promptly.

## SALOSHIN &amp; CO.

## CONDENSED SOUPS!

Nearly everyone likes Soup, but many do not like the trouble of preparing it. To those we offer

Campbell's Condensed Soups—Chicken, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Asparagus, Celery, Pea, Bean, Etc.

They are always ready. You can put it on the table a few minutes after opening the can. They are cheap and wholesome.

## James Fee &amp; Son.

Grocers.

Look and Read—A New Year and New Prices— No. 719

Main Street, Paris, Ky., J. C. GATEWOOD,  
Manager, of the Greatest Department Store in  
Kentucky, do wish the People of Paris and Vicinity  
a Happy and Prosperous New Year.]

Knowing no way to thank the people but to continue giving them their money's worth. Your money never gives out at Gatewood's. We have opened a new Department to our Store that will be of interest to those that are looking for bargains. Come and see us. Our Store has been a success from start to finish. We invite all.

We buy and sell all kinds of country produce. We handle everything—Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' Fine Shoes, Men's Fine Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, Ladies' Separate Skirts, Ladies' up-to-date Waists made to order, Ladies' Tailor Suits, Children's Dress Aprons, all kinds of Ladies' and Children's Underswear.

A few words about the New Department, and you can see the light of day by coming to Gatewood's:

Granulated Sugar, 16 lbs for . . . \$1	1 Crockery Stew Pan . . . . . 6
C Sugar, 16 lbs for . . . . . 1	Any kind Jelly . . . . . 20
100 lbs good Flour . . . . . 2 15	1 qt. Mason Screw Top Molasses . . . 10
100 lbs best Flour . . . . . 2 40	1 qt. Mason Screw Top Jelly . . . . 10
Meat and Lard Cheap . . . . . 10	3 lbs Pie Peaches . . . . . 10
1 gal best Coal Oil . . . . . 10	3 lbs Peal Peaches . . . . . 15
1 gal Best Molasses . . . . . 35	1 good Home-made Broom . . . . 15
3 bars Lenox Soap . . . . . 10	1 lb of Country Butter . . . . . 20
2 bars Good Soap . . . . . 5	Best Hand-picked Dried Beans, . . 5
1 can Corn . . . . . 9	per lb . . . . . 3
1 can Tomatoes . . . . . 9	Had Nuts Hominy, per lb . . . . 3

Every evening during January we will offer bargains. Ladies' Outing Flannel Wrappers, 75c; Child's Apron, 25c; Children's Dresses, 65c; Men's Felt Boots, \$ .95; Men's Leather Boots, \$1.25 to \$1.50; pair Men's and Children's Heavy Shoes at cost; Blankets and Comforts at cost. We cannot mention all the goods we carry, but come and see by visiting once. You will visit again at J. C. GATEWOOD'S, Paris, Ky.



## Time Will Tell—

Much About  
Shoes that  
Cannot be  
Known  
Now.

The excellent qualities of Shoes, I'm telling you of, is known only to the wearers of them. And now, reader, just one word—if you want Shoes of the most approved styles, finest material and workmanship, combined with absolute comfort and the greatest value for the price paid, make the first step in the New Year to

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig's.



I Bought too Many  
Chairs and Couches for  
Christmas and am selling  
them cheap to  
make room for my  
Spring Stock.

Come in and inspect  
our goods before you  
purchase.

J. T. Hinton.

IMPERFECT IN ORIGINAL



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Twentieth Year—Established 1881.]  
[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

## SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00  
[Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & BRO.]

A big lot of Hamburgs purchased for our sale arrived too late—now on sale at less than regular wholesale cost.  
(1t) **FRANK & CO.**

CAN CORN at 7½¢ per can, at "Little Cook's."

CORN and cob meal for sale—a good and economical feed.

SPEARS &amp; SONS.

FOR SALE:—A square piano. Apply to Mrs. ALICE WARE, Cynthiaana, Ky.

For a good clean shave and an up-to-date hair cut call at Tom Crawford's new barber shop, located in the old post-office stand. No long waits. (1t)

THE Entered Apprentice degree in Masonry was conferred upon Mr. Newton Clark by Paris Lodge on Saturday night last.

ON and after the first of February all of our accounts will be due the first of each month. **DOW & SPEARS.** (2t)

I HAVE one of the best established trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready.

CARL CRAWFORD.

At the last term of Bourbon Circuit Court Judge Cantrill disposed of ninety-two equity cases, being the largest number of any term in the history of the County.

THE Epworth League of the Methodist Church will have a social Friday evening in the lecture room of the church. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

Left over at Frank & Co's.—A lot of odd pieces and remnants from our Clearance Sale. They have again been reduced and will remain on sale until all are sold. (2t)

Mr. Elbert Hall, aged 75, an old resident of Newtown, Scott county, while leaning over an open fireplace last week, was seized with a fainting spell and fell into the fire. He was horribly burned and will lose the sight of one eye.

AFTER the first of February we will abandon the old fashioned six months credit system and will collect monthly. It is better for us and better for the customer, so don't ask for credit longer than one month. **DOW & SPEARS.** (2t)

MR. A. C. ADAIR, an old gentleman with childish tendencies, while playing with "Tiger" Owens, another old gentleman who is similarly afflicted, had a bone in his right hand broken. It will be several days before Mr. Adair will be able to resume business at the Western Union office.

Mr. Charles Hasty the prolific writer of the funny sayings also the author of the "Two Merry Tramps" has written a new budget of parodies and a new monologue which he introduces in the character of the "Mellen's Food" baby in the play Opera House Thursday night. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

## RELIGIOUS.

G. W. Argabrite, Houston Argabrite, Geo. M. Argabrite, Miss Laura Argabrite and Miss Nora Hampton united with the Baptist Church yesterday. At the morning service Rev. G. W. Argabrite, the new pastor, preached his first sermon before a very large and appreciative audience. He is a very convincing speaker and held the undivided attention of his hearers throughout the entire service. Although Mr. Argabrite has only been here a short time, he has made many friends, and is spoken of in the highest terms as a minister and pleasant gentleman.

The revival meeting which has been in progress at the Christian Church during the past week, will be continued during the coming week. Eld. Darsie's subjects for this week will be as follows: "The Holy Spirit," "Broken Cisterns," "The Divine Creed," "The Brazen Serpent," "The Good Centurion," "Naaman the Syrian," "Almost a Christian." During the past week the church has been packed at each service, and Sunday morning and night numbers were unable to obtain admission. The following have united with the church since the meeting commenced: Thos. Allen, Miss Davis, Wm. Goff, L. D. Harris, Mrs. L. D. Harris, George Caughlin, Mrs. Laughlin, Strader Goff, Ben C. Ingles, Jr., David T. Doty, Miss Stivers, Miss Staggs.

Mrs. Sophia Du-lay, mother of Editor Hiram Daley, of the Flemingsburg Times-Democrat and Mr. John Daley of this city, will celebrate her 90th birthday next Monday.

## An Important Change.

Owing to the increased demand upon the advertising columns of THE NEWS, which we have not been able to supply without materially reducing the space devoted to reading matter, we have decided to change the form of THE NEWS, do away with the patent inside and print the entire paper at home. This will give us a great deal more space with which to accommodate our advertising patrons, as well as more to devote to news. The proposed change will take place in about two or three weeks, and those advertisers who we have been compelled to refuse in the past few weeks, can then be accommodated.

It will be our aim to make THE BOURBON NEWS the leading county paper of State. Its political policy will be Democratic, and it will advocate everything which will tend to advance the principles of that party, believing that the future welfare of our country and people is dependent upon the principles laid down in the platforms of the Democratic party. It will advocate harmony within the party, as nothing tends to disrupt and disorganize a political party more than dissension within its ranks. A friendly rivalry at the primaries should always be followed by a concerted action when we meet the common enemy.

THE NEWS is extremely grateful for the many favors extended it in the past. We shall try and merit a continuance of them in the future.

## A Thieving Printer.

HENRY SHOCKLEY, a traveling printer, while intoxicated yesterday, entered a room at the Hotel Fordham and stole a ladies dress, which he was trying to dispose of when caught by landlord Connors and Ed Hill. He will be tried by Judge Webb this morning. He was given a bed Saturday night by William Remington, and repaid his kindness by entering the DEMOCRAT office yesterday and stealing a box of cigars.

## Mr. Brown is Still in Town.

Mr. N. S. Brown, of Battle Creek, Mich., who attempted suicide at the Hotel Fordham last Thursday by inhaling illuminating gas, has about recovered from the effects of the gas, and it is thought he will be able to be out in a few days. His father-in-law arrived Saturday, and as soon as Mr. Brown's condition will permit he will be taken back to Michigan.

## A Communication.

EDITOR NEWS: I would like through your columns to thank the citizens of Paris, and especially Landlord Connors, of the Fordham Hotel, and Doctors Kenney and Sweeney, for the kind treatment given my son-in-law, Mr. N. S. Brown, during his recent trouble in your city. Rest assured I shall always have a warm place in my heart for Paris and her people. Sincerely yours, J. H. WILLIAMS, Battle Creek Mich.

## R. S. Porter With The News.

Commencing with this issue of THE NEWS, Mr. R. S. Porter will assume the position of city editor. Mr. Porter has had a lengthy experience as a newspaper man. Twenty years ago, in Millersburg, he put in type and printed the first copy of THE BOURBON NEWS. At different times since then he has been connected with the paper in a mechanical way. It will be his ambition to keep THE NEWS up to the high standard adopted by its founder, Bruce Champ, and so successfully carried on by his son, Walter Champ, recently deceased. THE NEWS' phone is 124. If you know an item of any description—personal, birth, marriage, death, accident, public or private sale, stock or crop item, or anything which you think will be of interest to the general public, it will be appreciated if you call us up over the 'phone and tell us about it. **SWIFT CHAMP.**

## Delightful Session.

The open session of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which was held at the home of Mrs. W. L. Davis, Saturday afternoon, was in every way a delightful affair. The rooms were beautifully decorated in Confederate flags and pictures of Southern heroes—that of Robert E. Lee, in honor of whose birthday the meeting was held, was especially admired. Below the picture hung a wreath of dried flowers, which were taken from his bier at the time of his death. Mrs. Alfred Wornall read a good paper on the life of Lee. Mrs. Harrison, of Lexington, gave a beautiful talk on Lee, taking him as a man and a Christian, showing in forceful words that his heroism—which was always grand—shown out with greater brightness from the somber background of defeat and adversity, which marked his last days.

Mrs. Harry Clay and Miss Kate Lucas recited very appropriate pieces and Miss Elizabeth Woodford sang a solo. At the close of the program a delicious luncheon was served.

## THE MOVING THROG.

Notes About Our Guests, Arrivals and Departures—Society's Doings.

—H. C. Howard was in Mt. Sterling Monday.

—Mrs. Thomas H. Clay was in Lexington yesterday.

—Miss Rene Liver left Saturday for a visit in Winchester.

—Miss Iva Perry is improving after an illness of several weeks.

—W. B. Allen was in Augusta during the past week on business.

—Rev. Father Burke is able to be out after an illness of a week.

—Ex-Chief Justice Hazelrigg was in the city Saturday on business.

—Miss Henrietta Wilson is very ill at her home on the Harrods Creek pike.

—Miss Carrie Buckner, of Winchester, is the guest of Mrs. Amos Turney.

—Mrs. Charles Hukill has returned from a visit to relatives in Covington.

—Miss Sythey Kern left yesterday for St. Louis for an extended visit to relatives.

—Dan Peed went to Maysville yesterday to attend the Annual Tobacco Show.

—Mr. Hugh Montgomery is confined to his room with a second attack of La Grippe.

—Mrs. Ida Gutzeit and children are on a visit to relatives in Lexington and Brannon.

—James M. Arnold, of Cincinnati, was in town Sunday, the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Talbott.

—Mrs. W. T. Brooks is at Mt. Vernon at the bedside of her mother, who is dangerously ill.

—Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Faies will entertain to-night in honor of Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Argabrite.

—Mr. E. T. Porter, religious editor of the Lexington Leader, spent Sunday with Wm. Hibler and family.

—Mrs. John Smith, of Dayton, Ky., has returned home after several weeks' visit to her father, W. A. Hill.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jody, of Nicholas county are visiting at Mr. W. H. Johnson's on Mt. Airy avenue.

—M. C. Murray, after spending a couple of weeks in Paris, returned yesterday to his home in Covington.

—Mrs. Charles Reickle, who has been with the family of W. A. Hill, has returned to her home in Cynthiaana.

The Cynthiaana Times says: Miss McDermott, of Paris, was a guest at the Mullen-Hagele marriage Thursday evening.

—Mrs. Rachel Garner, of Winchester, is the guest of her daughter, Miss Alice Sutherland, at Bourbon Female College.

—Mrs. G. C. Givens, of Stanford, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. John W. Jameson, on Pleasant street, during the past week.

—Miss Fannie Shropshire, of Georgetown, was in the city Saturday to attend the meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

—Mrs. H. S. Anderson and daughter, Mrs. W. S. Kelley, of Georgetown, are guests of Mrs. Lida Ferguson and Mrs. Earl Ferguson.

—The children of the Confederacy were entertained Saturday morning by Mrs. Robert Talbott at her home on Duane avenue.

—Mrs. James R. McChesney, who has been visiting the family of F. L. McChes for several weeks, returned to her home in Louisville Sunday.

—Mr. John LaRue has returned from an extended trip through the West. He stopped off at Liberty, Mo., to visit his sister, Mrs. F. W. Eberhardt.

—On account of illness of relatives Miss Milda McMillan will not entertain the "As You Like It" Club next Thursday as announced. It has been postponed indefinitely.

—Miss Ollie Butler went to Lexington Friday to attend a very brilliant reception given by the senior class of '01 at Hamilton College. Quite a number of the class are from Bourbon.

—Little Miss Marguerite Ferguson is very much improved after an illness of several weeks with pneumonia, and has returned from Georgetown, where she was with her grandmother, Mrs. H. S. Anderson.

—Hon. E. M. Dickson and Dr. C. B. Dickson left Saturday for Covington, Tenn., to attend the marriage of their sister, Miss Mary Dickson, to Mr. Wilbur Gavin, of Somerville, Tenn. The ceremony will occur at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lynn, Mrs. Lynn being an aunt of the bride.

—Mr. J. Scott Renick entertained a number of his friends Saturday with a swell dinner. The dining room of their beautiful country home was made especially inviting with palms, carnations and smilax. In the center of the room was a large round table, laden with sparkling cut glass, silver and fragrant flowers. From the chandelier in the center of the table hung a large horse shoe made of smilax, which was very suggestive of the occasion. The center piece was a large mirror upon which stood a tall cut glass vase of carnations. Covers were laid for eighteen and among the guests were: Messrs. Hart Talbott, Amos Turney, Hal Woodford,

Ben Woodford, Wood Clay, Brice Steele, Albert S. Thompson, E. M. Renick and John Smith, of Bourbon, and Messrs. I. C. Van Meter, Jeff Sutherland, Ed Sutherland, J. D. Cunningham, John McClelland, Lee Evans and Ollie Evans, of Clark county.

A mother and son, aged ninety and 70 years, respectively, were sent to the poor house in Fayette.

## The Fair.

FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY.

AGAIN PRICE TALKS.

Though it has no tongue, it makes the loudest noise in this whole paper.

Enamelled-handle dippers, 3c; sheet iron bread pans, 5c; nickel plated eight-bar curry combs, 9c; wash boilers, heavy galvanized iron bottoms, iron handles, No. 8 size at 40c, No. 9 at 50c; Spague's patent can openers, 4c; brass ceiling or wardrobe hooks, 3 for 5c; granite iron drinking cups, 5c; granite wash basins, 10c; glass oil cans, 1 gal. size, 15c; Cadet lanterns, burns No. 1 wick, each 10c; iron heel plates, each 1c; broom holders, the handiest article for hanging up a broom or duster, each 3c; lantern burners, 5c; toy watches, each 1c; corn poppers, 7c; re-tinned cooking kettles, 8c; shoe nails, regular 5c package, 2 packages for 5c; best leather shoe soles, each 7c; galvanized oil cans; 2-gal. size, each 24c; nickel-plated dinner bells, each 24c; towel rollers, well varnished, 10c; rolling pins, with revolving handle, 9c; graduated nursing bottles, complete with rubber nipple, 6c; picture or moulding hooks, all sizes per dozen, 5c; fire shovels, 3c; steel combs, 5c; dog collars, plain and fancy from 5c up, nice box of writing paper, with envelopes to match, per box, 4c.

SPECIAL SALE BLANK BOOKS.

Single and double entry ledgers, from 200 to 600 pages, journals, cash and order books, small profits, large sales. A nimbly dime is better than a slow quarter. **THE FAIR.**

## Fine Bourbon Farm FOR SALE.

I will offer at public sale on the premises, on

Tuesday, February 12th, 1901,

my farm containing 325 acres, situated in Bourbon County, Ky., near Elizabeth station, on the Kentucky Midland Railroad, six miles from Paris, 14 miles from Lexington, one-half mile from depot, stores, blacksmith shops and post-office. School and churches near. The land is fine for grass and for cultivation. There is on the farm 75 acres of growing wheat, 15 acres rye, 70 acres stubble land, 25 acres orchard and over 100 acres of grass land which would raise tobacco.

All kinds of fruit in orchard, but mostly peaches, which show a fine prospect for a crop this season.

The farm is well watered. A splendid cistern at kitchen door, four wells, three never-failing, and one has been full of water since it was made five years ago, but has never had a pump in it. Also pools, springs and ponds.

The house is a good one, very convenient—I made it to live in. Six rooms, kitchen, store-rooms, pantry, closets and presses, and has just been repaired and nicely painted.

A fine flower pit, extra good meat-house, work-shop, stable, corn-crib, granary, work-shop, ice-house, carriage houses, hen-houses—in fact, more out-buildings than generally found on a first-class farm.

There is a good turnpike along the front of farm.

Possession can be given March 1st, 1901.

TERMS.—One-third cash, one-third in one year, one-third in two years—last two payments to bear 5 per cent interest.

Persons desiring to see the place will call on either the undersigned.

Sale at 10 a. m.

W. H. CLAY, Lexington, Ky.  
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer, Paris, Ky.  
191antd

## City Ordinance.

## An Ordinance Appointing a Board of Education.

WHEREAS, R. P. Dow, Frank Walker, C. M. Thomas, N. F. Brent, W. L. McClintock, and W. F. Talbot were duly and legally elected members of the Board of Education of Paris at the regular November 1900 election; and certificates of election to said office have been regularly issued and delivered to them by the Election Commissioners of Bourbon county and same have been properly filed with this Board of Council, and said members have duly qualified as members of the Board of Education, and,

WHEREAS, some persons in this city are doubting the legality of said election; Now therefore be it

RESOLVED by the Mayor and Council of Paris under and by virtue of sec. 3606 of Ky. Statutes that R. P. Dow, Frank Walker, C. M. Thomas, N. F. Brent, W. L. McClintock, and W. F. Talbot be and they are hereby appointed trustees or members of the Board of Education of Paris, Ky., with full power and authority to serve and act as such until the election and qualification of their successors in office.

Attest: A. C. ADAIR, City Clerk.

## LIQUOR LICENSE.

Wm. Freeman will apply to the City Council on Jan. 24th for a saloon license to be used in building lately occupied by George Williams on Main Street, between 7th and 8th street.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

\$1,000 to loan on real estate mortgage. Apply to C. ARNSPARGER, Trustee.

WAIT FOR

G. TUCKER'S

SEMI-ANNUAL

BARGAIN SALE,  
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,

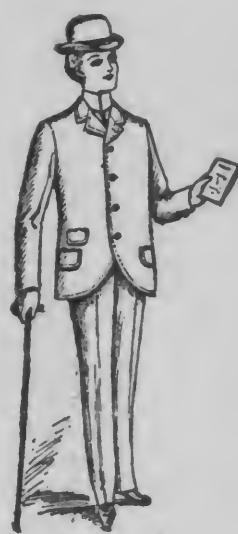
January 24th, 25th and 26th.

All kinds of Dry Goods, Notions, &c., go in this sale. This is not a clearance sale, but a genuine Bargain Sale,

-G. Tucker.-

\$7.50.

\$7.50.

See  
Our  
Suits.See  
Our  
Suits.

\$7.50.

Worth \$12.  
Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats at Cost.

\$7.50.

PARKER &amp; JAMES,

FOURTH &amp; MAIN STS., PARIS, KY.

Y. M. B. O. D.

You Do, or You Don't  
Need Glasses. : :

The eye being a rather delicate organ, great care should be exercised in the selection of proper glasses. Many believe that glasses should be resorted to only when the sight becomes so defective as not to be able to do without. This is a great mistake which must be combated. Whenever there is unmistakable evidence of the need of their aid, they should be used. A neglect of this rule sometimes produces mischief which results in serious trouble if the course be persisted in.

Our Dr. C. H. BOWEN having just returned from taking a special course in Optics from one of the best specialists in New York, is prepared to do the best of work, having the latest improved methods of fitting. Examinations free. Next visit Thursday, Jan. 31, 1901.

A. J. WINTERS &amp; CO., JEWELERS. Hello, 170.

All accounts due first of each month.

Economy is The Road

THAT LEADS  
TO....

DOW &amp; SPEARS'.

NEW THINGS EVERY DAY  
IN STAPLE AND FANCY...

Croceries, Fruits,  
Canned Goods,  
Fine Candies and Nuts.

We will have Turkeys, Cranberries, Oysters, Celery, and everything that goes to make a good Christmas Dinner. Call us up. 'Phone 11.

MEN'S and BOY'S  
OVERCOATS  
AT COST!

Must Be Sold. Call and See for  
Yourself.  
Special Prices on Boy's Suits.

PRICE & CO.  
CLOTHIERS.



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.  
SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

## WINTER BELLS.

When winter wraps the world in white,  
And silent lie the snowy dells,  
The sweet to hear amid the night  
The cadence of the fairy bells;  
They seem to set the winds astray  
With eerie music soft and low,  
And gently shake the modest fire  
Clad in its garb of spotless snow.

They tinkle 'neath the watchful stars,  
Whose beams upon the whiteness fall,  
And as they near the meadow bars  
What recollections they recall!  
The trysting tree which summer knows,  
And clothes in hues of living green,  
Stands out against the sky and throws  
Its lonely shadow o'er the scene.

O winter bells that tell of mirth!  
They music fills the heart with joy  
And makes a paradise of earth—  
A lovers' year without alloy:  
Across the fields there seems to come  
The music which of pleasure tells,  
And every heart there every home  
Rejoices at the winter bells.

I hear them echo where the snow  
Lies softly on the frozen ground,  
And where December's winds are low  
I list to catch their merry sound;  
A maiden at the lattice waits,  
For swiftly through the moonlit dells,  
Toward her heart's wide-open gates,  
A lover rides behind the bells.

-T. C. Harbaugh, in Ledger Monthly.

## Result of an Investigation

By Alice Louise Lee.

(Copyright, 1900, by the Authors' Syndicate.)

"If this isn't a case! Congratulations on my engagement! Now, shall I go or shall I not? This hardly reads like Chris. It's too gushing. She is more reserved. Perhaps her own engagement has changed her. I've heard of such things. I'll go.

"Wish I knew the man she is engaged to. Wouldn't I meet him cordially! I'd grip his hand until it would be useless for a month."

Worth Brice set his hat savagely on his head, drew a small note into a dozen pieces, threw them into an open grate and went out, locking his door with such force that the key was bent.

Ten minutes later Christabel Love was extending her hand to him in rather a constrained manner. There was an additional warmth in Worth's greetings because he had determined to carry the matter off without flinching.

"I've answered your congratulations in person, Chris," he began, in a jovial way, sinking into his favorite arm chair. "Your note broke in upon the most doleful reverie a confirmed old bachelor ever indulged in."

"There I sat," Worth went on, "my elbows on my knees and my head in my hands, groaning over the prospect of dull evenings soon to come, when you would be so deeply engaged in dress-making and letter writing and what not, that you wouldn't have time to see a fellow."

"Dressmaking and letter writing—" Chris interrupted, in a wondering tone. Her eyes had become large and round and a pucker appeared between her brows.

Worth laughed rather loudly, and slapped his knee, a thing Chris had never seen him do before.

"I'd just given up lamenting alone and decided to come and console with myself in your presence when your note came."

Worth indulged in another mirthless laugh. Chris leaned forward and looked at him intently. The pucker had extended half way up her forehead.

"Now, Chris, it's bad enough for you to go and get engaged, without putting up such a big bluff on me in that way."

"Putting—up—a—bluff?" puzzled Chris, but the pucker began to smooth itself out. "So far you are an enigma to me."

Worth sighed.

"Well, Chris, I suppose the Christian way to do would be to offer you both hands and wish you all the happiness you'll be sure not only to get, but to give, that lucky fellow, whoever he is."

Worth's voice was perilously near being shaky.

"Happiness I'll get and give," Chris was still following helplessly.

"When we meet," Worth went on, in his gayest tone, a trifle forced, "don't be surprised if I give him the flat of my hand for depriving me of my best chum."

Chris leaned back and spoke resolutely.

"Worth, if you will be kind enough to explain yourself, I'll be convinced, perhaps, of your sanity. Whom are you talking about, or don't you know yourself?"

Worth became suddenly sober, as sober as he really felt.

"No, Chris, I don't know whom. I'm discussing—that's the trouble—but it's that mysterious some one that you're engaged to."

"Engaged? That's news to me. Worth, your own engagement has affected your head as well as your heart."

But Worth did not wait for her to finish. He broke in eagerly, bringing himself forward in his chair with an impetuous jerk.

"Say, now, aren't you, really, honor bright? I'm not, of course. How'd you hear? It's all a fake with me."

"A fake with you? Why, it came straight from Miss Maltby, this morning. She said she knew it."

"Miss Maltby go to—that is, I mean she knows too much. I'd like to know where she got her precious information. I'm sure I should know of my own engagement as soon as anyone."

Chris' laugh would have fallen on unprejudiced ears as a hysterical giggle.

"What a mix up this is. Who ever

told you that I—how did you get it into your head?"

"Why, through that man Truax. I'll interview him later on. But I have a curiosity to know the name of the individual Miss Maltby has bestowed my heart upon."

"And who," chimed in Chris, "does Mr. Truax expect will pay my millinery bills? If hats continue to be loaded with plumes, the man will be glad of an escape."

Chris was conscious that this was an inane joke. Worth knew it, too. But they laughed excitedly in chorus.

"All Truax knew of your fiancé was that he is not a native of this town. Name was not familiar to him."

"And all that Miss Maltby was prepared to say, beyond the fact that you were soon to be married, was that the lady of your choice is red-headed," unconsciously raising her hand to adjust a stray lock of her own soft brown hair.

"Let's ferret this gossip out," exclaimed Worth, in sudden inspiration. "Let's confound the gossippers and get to the root of matters."

"It's a bargain," agreed Chris. "We'll follow the trail and report to-morrow night."

The next evening the two met with unabated zeal although they had no additional information to offer.

"It's more difficult than I thought," reported Worth. "Truax sent me chasing after two or three men who are utter strangers to me, and who gave me more information than I was after—troubling them. But at last I've the right clew. Think I can clear it up by to-morrow night."

"I'm sure I can," proclaimed Chris confidently. "I've followed the clew right back. Her name is Sever. She lives in this town somewhere. First name as yet unknown, but she continues to wear red hair. Now, all I have got to do is to locate her. Will you take cream or lemon in your tea?"

"Yes, thank you," abstractedly. Then, being recalled to his senses by Chris' dancing eyes, he blushed and changed to—

"Both, if you please," and the evening began and closed with laughter.

It was late the next evening before Worth came. Chris had risen from her seat before the open grate ready to go upstairs when the bell rang.

There was a singular absence of the buoyancy of the two previous evenings.

"What's the matter with Worth?" Chris was saying to herself as she poked the sticks in the open fire place. "If he was in such a pickle as I am in, he might act blue."

"The deuce take the business," Worth was thinking as he sat down. "I'm as shaky as a man in his second

figures.

I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly according as the person works in an icehouse or rides a bicycle up-hill. From the average person in a year's time there oozes through the pores of the skin 1,500 pounds of water. Let us see: "A pint's a pound the world around," two pints make one quart, four quarts one gallon—oh, well, you cipher it out for yourself. I never was much of a hand at figures.

It makes one homesick in this world to think that there are so many rare people he can never know; and so many excellent people that scarcely anyone will know, in fact, says Backlog Studies, by Charles Dudley Warner. One discovers a friend by chance, and cannot but feel regret that 20 or 30 years of life, maybe, have been spent without the least knowledge of him. When he is once known, through him opening is made into another little world, into a circle of culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm in a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices, perhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries, and enters into unknown fellowship of the to him continually increasing company, which is known in popular language as "all his wife's relations."

Near at hand, daily, no doubt, are those worth knowing intimately, if one had the time and the opportunity. And when one travels he sees what a vast material there is for society and friendship, of which he can never avail himself. Carload after carload of summer travel goes by one at any railway station, out of which he is sure he could choose a score of life-long friends, if the conductor would introduce him. There are faces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness—interesting people, traveled people, entertaining people, as you would say in Boston, "nice people you would admire to know," whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom are no doubt your long-lost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many "nice" people. The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships, between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere, than one would think possible on a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his personal appearance.

Potash Soap for Eye Glasses. Constant wearers of eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., are much annoyed by the dimming of the glasses upon entering a warm room from a cooler place. It will greatly interest them to know that this evil can be obviated by rubbing the glasses with soft soap. All that is necessary is to rub every morning or before going out a little so-called green soap (washing soap, potash soap) over the whole surface of the glass, polishing it until it is bright again. The preparations, "Gasolin" and "Oculustra," offered for the same purpose at high prices, are nothing else than pure potash soap.—Die Werkstatt.

After His Father. When a mother admits a fault in one of her children she is reminded that it "takes some after its father."—Aitchison Globe.

## OUR SWEAT SYSTEM.

Anywhere from Two to Twenty-Eight Miles of Sweat Glands on the Human Body.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface as the skin of the back. The pores in the ridges of the palm number as many as 2,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the exterior of the body. They run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin, and there they kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating 88 miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who have given their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large to you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400,000 sweat glands on the human body, each one-fifth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven miles or 12 miles. Take your pick. Our motto is: "We aim to please." If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority, says Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's.

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After His Father. When a mother admits a fault in one of her children she is reminded that it "takes some after its father."—Aitchison Globe.

It seems rather an odd idea to fasten metal tags to marine fishes and then let them loose in the ocean with the idea of identifying them as individuals in case they happen to be caught at a future time; but this is what the United States fish commission is doing just now with cod, 1,500 of which have been duly tagged and released this year, says the Washington Times. No two tags are alike, the markings on them being stamped in a series of letters and numbers, record of which is kept in a book in such a manner that if a tagged codfish turns up a moment's reference to the memoranda will furnish the history of that particular specimen, with date of liberation, weight, and so forth. For example, a cod wearing a tag with the raised inscription "S 100" has a complete identification card, so that she cannot be mixed up with any other fish entered in the commission's ledger.

Only "brood fish"—that is, spawning females—are tagged. They are bought from fishermen, stripped of their eggs at Wood's Holl, Mass., and liberated in the waters of Vineyard sound, after having the tags attached to them. The tag is a small piece of copper, securely fastened by a wire passed through a fin near its junction with the body. It does not matter which fin is chosen, though a back or tail fin is best. The tag is very light, and its attachment in the manner described does no harm whatever to the animal. During the last few months the fish commission has distributed a circular all along the coast of New England requesting that whenever a cod with a tag comes into the hands of a fisherman or other person he shall remove the piece of metal and send it to the commission station at Wood's Holl, together with a brief statement as to the date on which the fish was caught, where it was captured, its weight before dressed, its length and the condition of its roe.

The object of the tagging is to ascertain the rate at which a cod grows, the frequency of its spawning and the extent of its travels in the ocean. Knowledge of this kind has an obvious bearing upon fish cultural problems, and there is every reason to believe that the future of the cod fishery off the New England coast must depend mainly upon artificial hatching. The hatching of cod eggs and the planting of the fry in those waters has been carried on for several years, and already the fishery shows a notable improvement, apparently due to this work. During the present year, the work coming to an end April 1, there were planted in New England waters 250,000,000 codfish.

This year the fish commission is going to bag many thousands of young salmon, artificially hatched for the rivers of the Pacific coast. Very small tags will be used, the fishes being "fingerlings," about three inches long. It is expected that in this way it will be ascertained the age at which the salmon come from the sea to spawn; also their rate of growth and the percentage of the fry that attain maturity. The work will be carried on in the basins of the Columbia and Sacramento.

Some years ago a similar experiment was made at the fish commission station on the Clackamas river, which is tributary to the Columbia; but, instead of tagging the young fishes, the soft dorsal fins were shaved off them with a razor before they were released. When they came back to spawn, three years later, they averaged 20 pounds in weight.

From this experiment one or two very interesting conclusions were drawn. If all of the artificially hatched fry had survived and been captured it is obvious that 1,000 of them would have contributed 20,000 pounds of food fish for market. As a matter of fact, only one out of ten of them returned and was taken, the result being 2,000 pounds of fish for every 1,000 young ones liberated.

Growth of Our Nails. Finger nails and toe nails, being merely flattened growths of the same kind of cells that the hairs are made of, increase in about the same way, though their rate of progress has not been so carefully studied. Some say that the finger nails grow at the rate of one-thirtieth of an inch a week. Bean estimates that it takes 20 weeks to restore a thumb nail, and 96 weeks to restore a toe nail. I don't believe that. Once when I was about 16, and had less sense than most boys of that age, I bought a pair of boots too short for me. I wore them, though they hurt me like sixty, and the first thing I knew the nails of my great toes came off. Well, I know that it didn't take any 96 weeks to make them good as new. Why, 96 weeks is two years, lacking not quite two months. Don't tell me.—Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's.

The Double Letter. The doubled letter is scarcely of use in any language. Sometimes we are purely inconsistent. Letter must have two t's, literal one. The double letter very seldom affects the pronunciation. Would it not be well to drop the double letter altogether? It would simplify spelling and save time, too.—Notes and Queries.

Just Think. Arctic Explorer—An arctic night, lasting as it does 141 days, is no joke, I can tell you. I should not care to go through it again!

Friend—Why, man, I should think it splendid. Fancy saying to a creditor: "Please call again to-morrow morning."—N. Y. World.

## TAGGED FISHES IN THE SEA.

Some Things the Government Has Learned from Fishes That Were Marked and Came Back.

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## HUMOROUS.

If you are wise you will never hit a man after he has got you down.—Chicago Daily News.

Kitchen Necessities.—"Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen?" "Yes'm; I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venetian lanterns, an' some more pillers fer th' cozy corner."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Oh! my! shame upon you," cried the old gentleman; "do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" "Yep," replied the little boy, "they grow up an' git ter be drivers of fire ignynes, an' dat's w'at I want'er be."—Philadelphia Record.

Ethel—"Oh, Emily, I had such a dreadful accident the other day. I broke two of my front teeth." Emily—"How painful. How did it happen?" Ethel (thoughtlessly)—"They fell off the sideboard, and I accidentally trod on them."—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Wiggles—"Did you have a good time at the Watsons, playing whist, last evening?" Mrs. Waggles—"We had a perfectly lovely time!" Mrs. Wiggles—"Which beat?" Mrs. Waggles—"Well, we didn't either of us beat. The fact is, we spent the whole evening talking about our children."—Somerville Journal.

A Blessing—"I don't think these here free government seeds is much," said the gentleman with the horny hands and straggling beard. "You don't?" retorted the gentleman of similar characteristics; "w'y, look here, I raised so many different kinds of new weeds from the last batch of government seeds that enough college professors co'ge to the place to study 'em last summer to pay for a new barn."—Indianapolis Press.

A lady, who was unfamiliar with the streets of New York, was much confused by the jargon used by a car conductor. When she thought she must have arrived near her destination, the conductor poked his head into the car and said: "Empty bazazas!" "What street did you say?" demanded the passenger. "Ufty-umph!" said the conductor. Much annoyed, the lady from the suburbs went out on the platform and rebuked the conductor for his careless use of the vocal organs. He only glared at her and said: "What do you expect for three dollars a week? A tenor solo?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A NEW KING'S FLIGHT.

The Son of Garibaldi Says Victor Emmanuel III. Is in a Peculiar Position.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who fought at the side of his father, the great Gen. Garibaldi, in the struggle for the liberation of Italy and in the Franco-German war, publishes an article in the North American Review, in which he explains the relative positions and aims of the monarchical and republican parties in Italy. The situation of the monarchy in Italy, according to Sig. Garibaldi's statement, must be a perplexing one, for the king cannot make friends of his enemies without making enemies of his friends. He says:

"If Victor Emmanuel III. remembers that, if he wears the iron crown, it is mainly owing to the popular elements—history has revealed that the Piedmontese school of diplomats, with Cavour at their head, looked upon the struggle for the liberation and unity of Italy, rather as a means of aggrandizing the Piedmontese monarchy than as a realization of a high ideal, the reconstruction of a great nationality, of which, in fact, they were rather afraid—and if he exercises the strength of will he is said to possess to free his crown from the state of bondage in which it was under Humbert, and make it take its true position of mediator between the different political schools, using his influence and royal prerogatives in favor of those classes that most need comfort and guidance, the monarchy in Italy may yet have a long lease of life, for patriotism is a strong quality in the Italian heart, and he would find sincere, if unexpected, support from sources now hostile to him and his crown. But, naturally, his bitterest enemies will then be those who have hitherto used the crown as an instrument to further their own ends, and who, looking upon his childless condition as a danger to the monarchy, do not hide the possibility of his being replaced by some other member of his family. And it would be a curious thing if the anti-monarchists should one day be obliged to defend the crown, acting on the principle that 'a devil you know is always better than one you don't know.'"

Interrupted the Game. "Just wait till me an' I finishes this game of checkers," called out Silas Cornhill, proprietor of the Lonesomeville grocery, to the woman who had entered.

"But I'm in a hurry," said the woman. "I want one of 'em red an' white checked tablecloths."

"Guess that'll break up the game, then, Hi," said Silas, as he pushed the checkers aside and gathered up the tablecloth on which they had been playing.

"You see," he continued, turning to the woman, "I lost my checkerboard the other day, an' Hi an' me 'lowed this tablecloth 'nd do fairly well for a substitute. Made it a little dirty, mebbe, but it'll all come out in the wash. Only one in the store. Sixty-three cents. Wrap 'e' up?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Three Mottos. The Spanish Motto—Never do today what you can put off till to-morrow.

The English Motto—Never put off till to-morrow what you can do today.

The American Motto—Never put off till this afternoon what you can do this morning.—Puck.

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BE AN AMERICAN

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# FUNNY FOLKS

**He Counted All Right.**  
"You've been in a fight," said his mother, reprovingly.  
"Oh, not much of a one," answered the boy.  
"Did you count 100 as I told you when you felt your angry passions rising?"  
"Oh, sure," returned the boy. "I counted 100 all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way."—Chicago Post.

**Unexpected Encouragement.**  
"Both is the end," he in bitterness cried. Displaying the note she had written. "Just now it's the end," she with caution replied.  
"Regretting to see him thus smitten. And yet," she went on in her feminine way.  
"Don't deem the world barren and hollow. Whatever woman writes, just remember, I pray, A postscript is likely to follow."—Chicago Post.

## RATHER DIFFICULT FOR HIM.



Jones—I am never at a loss in conversation.  
His Fair Hostess—But surely, Mr. Jones, there must be some subjects you don't understand. What do you do then?  
Jones—Oh, then—I say nothing, and look intelligent.—Punch.

**The Philosopher.**  
He had no luck, however small.  
And therefore he was glad.  
"This best," said he, "no luck at all. Than always have it bad."  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

**A Secondary Victim.**  
Bobbs—What makes you so nervous?  
Dobbs—Coffee.  
Bobbs—I didn't know you drank it.  
Dobbs—I do not. But Bobbs has just stopped drinking it, and he insists on detailing his sensations to me every time I see him.—Baltimore American.

**Psychological.**  
"Do you believe in the power of mind over matter?" asked the mystical man.  
"No," answered the practical friend.  
"I believe in the power of matter over mind. I have known a dull, insensate tack hammer, by one swift rap on the thumb, to make a man say things that he had not thought of for years."—Washington Star.

**He Was.**  
"Your husband seems to be making a large and unique collection of books," remarked the caller, looking with interest at the costly array of rare volumes on the library shelves.  
"Yes," replied Mrs. Gaswell, with well-bred indifference. "I believe he becomes more bibulous every day he lives."—Chicago Tribune.

**Fate.**  
I shot an arrow in the air,  
Nor marked the course on which it sped.  
Then—jumping cats! How I did swear!  
The blamed thing hit upon my head.  
—Philadelphia Press.

## EVIDENTLY IT HAS.



"Not do you want for dot dog?"  
"Twenty-five dollars."  
"My goodness! Has der price of a dog gone up?"—Chicago American.

**Purifying Politics.**  
The Major—I don't know but there is need of some kind of reform in politics around here.  
The Colonel—I think so. I'm no fanatic, but I think ballot box stuffing should be done with moderation.—Puck.

**Remarkable Prices.**  
Miss Paytrone—Under the head of "Remarkable Prices" you advertised sealskin coats at \$20; now you ask me \$200.  
Clerk—Exactly; the prices were remarkable and we have marked them up.—Ohio State Journal.

**Ready for the Question.**  
Mrs. Younglove—John, do you know that you haven't kissed me for a week?  
Mr. Younglove—Yes, darling; I was just waiting to see how long it would take you to notice it.  
John, it will be observed, had his presence of mind with him.—Tit-Bits.

**Her Idea of It.**  
"I don't see how anyone can lose money in speculation," she remarked, thoughtfully.  
"Do you consider it so simple?" he asked.

"Why, certainly. As I understand it, all you have to do is to buy when things are going up and sell when they are coming down."  
"But how are you going to know which way they are going?" he inquired.

"Why—why, I never thought of that," she answered. "It does make a difference, doesn't it?"—Chicago Post.

**Demurrer Entered.**  
"My niece," said the doctor, "has joined an organization they call the—the—strange I can't think of the name. I had it at my tongue's end a moment ago—O, yes, I remember it now. They call it the Thimble club."  
"Then you didn't have it at your tongue's end," objected the professor. "You had it at your finger's end."—Chicago Tribune.

**Motherly Advice.**  
"Johnny," said the St. Louis mother, "I want you to quit using that low, vulgar language."  
"Why, mother," replied Johnny, "Shakespeare said what I just said."  
"Then you must quit associating with him," said the good woman. "He's not a fit companion for you."—Chicago Daily News.

**Our Coming Rulers.**  
"These boys," said the school trustee, who was called on to speak to the scholars, "may live to be our presidents." And then realizing that it would never do to slight the girls, he turned to the other side of the room and said, with some embarrassment: "And these girls—let me see—these girls may live to be our cooks."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Unsympathetic.**  
Mr. Boerum Place (suffering from mal de mer)—If you have never been seasick you cannot understand why it is that a seasick person does not care whether he lives or dies!  
Mr. Columbia Heights—Oh, yes, I can. I have gone abroad with people who were so seasick that I didn't care much whether they lived or died.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Alack! Alack!**  
Love may be blind, but just the same, it has a strange, peculiar way of distinguishing between a million plunks.  
And an income of only \$1 a day.  
—Chicago Daily News.

## SELF-EVIDENT.



Young Lady—Have you "Ten Thousand a Year?"  
New Clerk—I should say not! If I had I wouldn't be working here for ten dollars a week.—Chicago Daily News.

**Metaphysical.**  
Upwardson—Habit, it seems to me, is the strongest thing in the world.  
Atom—I don't know. Lack of habit may be stronger. For example, I could quit smoking a great deal easier than I could learn to smoke the kind of cigars you use.—Chicago Tribune.

**Tough Luck.**  
The Doctor—Here I carried that patient through a desperate sickness, only to—  
His Wife—Have him object to your fee?  
"No; drop dead when he saw my bill!"—Life.

**Conducive to Loneliness.**  
"There's nothing I enjoy so much as a quiet smoke all by myself."  
"Well, you ought to have little trouble in keeping away from crowds as long as there are any in the box from which that one came."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Congestive Couple.**  
Penelope—And you say they are engaged?  
Patrice—Yes.  
"Have they any tastes in common?"  
"Well, yes; they chew the same kind of gum."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Wasted Opportunities.**  
The man who kicks the living day May boast, perchance, of duty done; But finds he's frittered quite away The hours when other folk have fun.—Washington Star.

**Discerning Woman.**  
He—I point out your faults because I love you.  
She—Consent! If you really loved me you would think my faults were excellences.—Chicago Record.

**Wouldn't Have a Chance.**  
Miss De Pride—I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth!  
Rival Belle—Indeed you wouldn't! I'd take him myself then!—Tit-Bits.

## AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION.

It Was Made by a Trunk Owner to Satisfy a Curious Customs Official.

Here is a story that the ladies should appreciate. A young married woman who has many acquaintances in Cleveland took a little trip in company with hubby up to Montreal and back not long ago. When they reached that bustling city they were approached by a respectable looking individual, who offered for a modest consideration to convey their trunk to the hotel. Never dreaming that a confidence man might be hidden beneath such a simple exterior, the husband closed the bargain and the couple wended their way to the hotel, the Cleveland Post-Dispatch.

There they waited and waited for the trunk, which never came. Finally, the husband proceeded to the railway station and stated his trouble. The officials were sorry, but they could do nothing. Just about that time his eye caught sight of the missing baggage. He told the railway men so. They were very sorry again, but the claimant would have to identify the property in a manner entirely satisfactory to the officials. The claimant remarked that he had the key in his pocket. Wasn't that proof enough? The officials shook their heads. There were keys and keys. A key didn't signify much. What was in the trunk? The husband asked them to wait a moment while he sent a messenger for his wife. She would know the contents to the uttermost piece.

The lady soon appeared and the husband stated the case to her and tossed the key to the waiting officials.

"Tell these gentlemen what is in our trunk, my dear," he said.

"In our trunk?" she echoed.

"Yes, my dear. You can tell just exactly what's in it because you packed it."

"Of course I can," she cried. "Let me see. Why, there's—there's," her face brightened. "there's my best hat!"

And even the sober Canadians cracked a frosty smile at this remarkable example of accurate description.

## AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

Brought About by What He Should Have Regarded as Good Fortune.

"It came out as I journeyed on horseback through Dakota that almost every settler's land was under mortgage," said a westerner, relates the Washington Post, "and one day when I came upon a pioneer seated on the grass by the roadside with a troubled look on his face, I asked him if it was the mortgage he was worrying about."

"Wuss than that, stranger," he replied as he looked up wearily.

"Sickness or death in the family?"

"Wuss than that."

"Then it must be a calamity, indeed. You didn't lose family and home by a prairie fire?"

"Nope; but you are right about its being a calamity. I've been trying to think of that word for two hours past. Yes, sir; you can put it down as an awful calamity."

"But won't you explain," I persisted.

"I will, sir. That was a mortgage on the claim, and I was feelin' as big as any of my neighbors and takin' things easy when my wife was left \$600. Stranger, dare I tell you what she did with that money?"

"She didn't lose it?"

"No, sir. She just paid the mortgage, bought two horses and a plow, and this mornin' I was bounced out of my own cabin because I wouldn't peel off my coat and go to work! Yes, sir, you are right. It's a calamity—a calamity that's landed me on the outside, and between my durned pride and her blamed spunk somebody'll be eatin' grass afore Saturday night!"

## QUINCE ICED PUDDING.

Directions for Making a Dessert Dish That is Extra Good.

This pudding consists of a mold of sponge cake, very much like that used for charlotte russe, filled with ice cream after being spread with quince jelly on the inside, says the New York Tribune. It is served heaped with whipped cream, with a wreath of whipped cream around it. To make the pudding beat three eggs light, and add a cup and a half of powdered sugar, and beat the whole until light and fluffy. Sift two cups of pastry flour with a teaspoonful of cream tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Stir in half a cup of water in the beaten eggs and sugar, add the flour, and beat in quickly. Bake the cake in a sheet. When it is done let it become cold, then split it, and line a two-quart charlotte russe mold carefully with the cake. Spread the cake with a tumbler of quince jelly and fill the cavity with ice cream flavored with vanilla or caramel. Set the cake in a very cold place if it is to wait at all, so that the cream will not melt. Do not, however, fill this pudding with ice cream until you are ready to serve it; then heap whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla, over it, and shift it on a cold crystal platter and wreath it with whipped cream. It is a very ornamental pudding.

## Virtue of Apples.

We have all heard that "an apple at night starves the doctor outright," and a plentiful fruit season affords us the opportunity of putting the prescription to a test. Apples contain a large amount of iron and other blood constituents, and for this reason are a valuable tonic.—Detroit Free Press.

## Accounted For.

Mother—Johnnie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?  
Johnnie—Washin' me face.—Detroit Free Press.

## FACTS ABOUT CORNS.

Their Formation and the Best Means of Eradicating the Painful Annoyances.

A corn is an overgrowth of the horny layer of some portion of the skin of the foot, induced by friction or undue pressure in one spot by the shoe. It is situated generally on a prominent portion of one of the toes, more commonly the little toe, but may be on the sole of the foot or even on the ankle bone, says Youth's Companion.

It begins by an increase in size of the papillae in the deeper part of the skin, and this induces an increase in the production of the scurf skin, or horny layer. The scurf skin soon becomes inordinately thick, and the pressure from the shoe continuing, is pushed back against the enlarged papillae, causing their final atrophy.

This formation of a corn affords a curious illustration of the defeat of nature's well meant efforts to prevent trouble; for the increased thickness of the horny layer is intended to afford protection to the enlarged and tender papillae, a purpose which would be well accomplished did the process stop there. But the friction by the shoe keeps up the irritation, and more and more of the horny covering is manufactured, until, instead of affording protection, it is actually the cause of all the pain.

After a time the spot where the corn is seems to acquire a bad habit, and the formation of the corn will go on even after the offending shoe has been discarded.

The first thing to do for a corn is to get new shoes that are so snug as not to rub the foot anywhere, and so loose as not to make pressure in one spot more than in another.

The top of the corn may be pared with a sharp knife, extreme care being taken—especially in the case of the aged—not to cut the sound skin; or it may be filed down to the level of the surrounding skin; or the entire corn may sometimes be loosened with a dull knife-blade or by the finger nail, and extracted from its bed.

When this cannot be done, removal may be facilitated by moistening the corn every other day with glacial acetic acid, the softened part being subsequently scraped away with a dull knife or a small file. A salve containing salicylic acid, applied every night, will also frequently loosen the corn so that it can be pulled out. This is the basis of many of the popular corn plasters.

A soft corn, which is merely a corn that is always moist on account of its location on the inner surface of one of the toes, should be treated by keeping a piece of absorbent cotton between the toes so as to prevent maceration, and by bathing it frequently with strong alum water.

## THE LATEST IN DRESS.

Pretty Fancies That Are Now Popular with Followers of the Fashions.

Adjustable cravats with bows under chin made of furs of all kinds are fashionable.

Shopping bags to be worn at the side or hung from the wrist are among other novelties in furs.

Fur is certainly to be most modish this year, but not to the exclusion of everything else.

Shopping bags of fur, mounted with silver gilt, are one of the novelties.

Fur is a popular trimming for evening gowns, and it is used in wide bands as well as narrow lines. Three bands set closely together so they look almost like one trim the skirt of a white panne dress, while something of a bolero effect is carried out on the bodice with a band of fur.

One of the novelties shown in the fashionable shops is a shoulder cape of colored or white chiffon, plaited and frilled, and combined with lace, plumes and ribbon in the most intricate manner. It is said to be for evening wear, but as it has no warmth its mission must be found in the ballroom, where some little covering is needed between the dances.

The habit coat is admittedly the best style for a dressy street or visiting gown. It is far more stylish than the bolero, and more generally becoming. The Louis XV. habit is slightly different from the directoire jacket. The coat tails are much fuller, and made of several plaits and the garment may have a square cut on the sides. The directoire jacket has rounded sides, and the coat tails are smaller and flatter. With either of these a waistcoat is proper.

It seems difficult to discard the short bolero. It really remains far more fashionable than the Eton jacket, that reaches to the waist line, which certainly must be regarded as thoroughly out of date. The bolero is decidedly decorative, and may be made in so many different forms, and shapes that it is impossible to weary of it. There is a combination of bolero and stole that is used now, and which has a novel effect. A stole is, of course, a piece that passes over the shoulders and falls loose in front, like the church garment from which it takes its name. Imagine three broad pieces coming from the shoulders, one over the other, and all shaped and fitted in front like the top of a bolero. These are all stitched and end in points, and the lowest one reaches the waist line. This is a pretty way to make a street suit in cloth and velvet.

## Oyster Croquettes.

Take equal quantities of chopped oysters and mashed potato, add as much butter as desired, salt and pepper to taste, moisten with a little cream, form into small oval balls, dip in beaten white of egg, roll in cracker dust, let them stand half an hour, then dip in egg and crumbs again. Fry in lard, same as doughnuts, using a wire basket. If possible. This makes a nice luncheon dish.—People's Home Journal.

## THE SCIENTIST'S NOTEBOOK.

The strength of wood increases with its density.

To cool water when ice cannot be obtained wrap the pitcher in cheesecloth previously impregnated with ammonium nitrate and dried. Moistens slightly at time of use, dry and use again.

To preserve rubber articles keep them in a one per cent. solution of formal or zinc chloride, or a concentrated solution of boric acid. They should never be left exposed to the air or to the action of cold.

After nearly 30 years of constant effort and the expenditure of nearly \$100,000 scientists have succeeded in accurately measuring the earth. They have learned that its diameter through the equator is 7,926 miles; its height from pole to pole 7,899 miles.

Humus is a term applied to the organic partially decayed matter in the soil. Leaf mold, wood dirt or a green crop plowed under forms humus. Humus is the principal source of nitrogen in earth. Its action is beneficial not only in enriching but mechanically improving both heavy and light soils.

A scientific expedition is to start from St. Petersburg to examine the immense number of manuscripts discovered at Mukden by Russian troops. In the collection are a large number of Greek and Roman documents, which are supposed to have been taken by the Mongolians on the retreat from the occident.

An Esquimaux baby is born fair, except for a dark round spot on the small of the back, varying in size from a three-penny-bit to a shilling. From this center-head of color the dark tint gradually spreads till the toddling Esquimaux is as beautifully, and as completely, and as highly colored as a well-smoked meerschaum pipe. The same thing happens among the Japanese.

## LITTER-ARY.

Mrs. Clark required 16 years to prepare the "Concordance to Shakespeare."

W. E. Norris, the English novelist, is talking of visiting this country for the purpose of giving public readings from his books.

Of George Ebert's last novel, "In the Desert," there is but one edition, the American, as the book has not thus far been issued either in German or French.

Secretary of State John Hay acknowledges the authorship of "The Breadwinners," an American novel of industrial life, published in 1884.

Edmond Rostand, the famous French novelist, owes his poor health largely to his hard work. He has time for little else, and is writing or revising nearly all the day and far into the night.

Thackeray's daughter is writing again—a series of essays this time dealing with charming but forgotten books. She calls them "Blackstick Papers," after the good fairy in her father's imitable little tale, "The Rose and the Ring."

F. T. Bullen, the author of sea tales, ran away from home and went to sea as a cabin boy at 13, and remained at sea until Kipling saw a tale which he had written to amuse himself, and advised him to go at once into literature.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hand-painted designs decorate the toes of some of the new slippers.

The Duse coil arranged low at the nape of the neck is revived among other novel evening coiffures.

Half the benefit from a liniment is from the rubbing. Therefore rub long and gently. Do not injure the skin.

To polish plate glass and also to prevent its becoming frosty in winter wipe with a soft cloth wet in alcohol.

## THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Jan. 19.		
CATTLE—Common	\$2 75	@ 3 90
Extra butchers	4 50	@ 4 85
CALVES—Extra		@ 7 50
HOGS—Choice packers	5 35	@ 5 40
Mixed packers	5 25	@ 5 35
SHEEP—Extra	4 00	@ 4 10
LAMBS—Extra	5 75	@ 5 85
WHEAT—Spring pat.	3 95	@ 4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 50
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 27
RYE—No. 2		@ 57 1/2
HAY—Best timothy.		@ 14 75
PORK—Family		@ 14 00
LARD—Steam		@ 7 20
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@ 13
Choice creamery		@ 23
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 50	@ 3 00
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 65	@ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	8 00	@ 11 75
Old	12 00	@ 15 75

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 60	@ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73	@ 74 1/2
No. 3 spring	68	@ 71
CORN—No. 2	37	@ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2	24 1/2	@ 24 1/2
RYE	50	@ 51 1/2
PORK—Mess	13 85	@ 13 90
LARD—Steam	7 35	@ 7 37 1/2

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 65	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 47
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 30 1/2
RYE		@ 58 1/2
PORK—Family	15 00	@ 15 75
LARD—Steam		@ 7 75

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73 1/2	@ 73 1/2
Southern	70	@ 74 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	42 1/2	@ 43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	28	@ 28 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	4 85	@ 5 10
HOGS—Western	5 75	@ 5 80

Louisville.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 77
CORN—Mixed		@ 41
OATS—Mixed	26 1/2	@ 27
PORK—Mess		@ 12 50
LARD—Steam		@ 7 25

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 76
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 24 1/2

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nent physicians as the best



## CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. Tida S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows:

A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch. It would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was as large as a half dollar when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo.



It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

**SSS** THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Chapped hands, cracked lips and roughness of the skin cured quickly by Banner Salve, the most healing ointment in the world. Clark & Kenney.

### A. Prominent Lawyer.

Of Greenville, Ill. Mr. C. E. Cook, writes: "I have been troubled with biliousness, sick headache, constipation, etc., for several years. I sought and tried many remedies, but was disappointed until I tried your Syrup Pepsin. I can cheerfully recommend it to any suffering from above complaints." G. S. Varden & Co.

Such little pills as DeWitt's Little Early Risers are very easily taken, and they are wonderfully effective in cleansing the liver and bowels. W. T. Brooks.

This season there is a large death rate among children from croup and lung trouble. Prompt action will save the little ones from these terrible diseases. We know of nothing so certain to give instant relief as One Minute Cough Cure. It can also be relied upon in grippe and all throat and lung trouble of adults. Pleasant to take. W. T. Brooks.

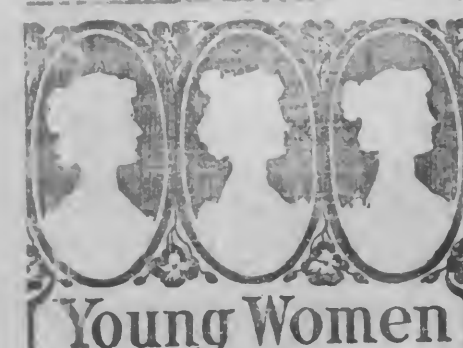
The merited reputation for curing piles, sores and skin disease acquired by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, has led to the making of worthless counterfeits. Be sure to get only DeWitt's Salve. W. T. Brooks.

### To Cure a Cough

stop coughing as it irritates the lungs, and gives them no chance to heal. Foley's Honey and Tar cures without causing a strain in throwing off the phlegm like common cough expectorants. Clark & Kenney.

The most soothing, healing and antiseptic application ever devised is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It relieves at once and cures piles, sores, eczema and skin diseases. Beware of imitations. W. T. Brooks.

Mrs. Frances L. Sales of Misouri Valley, Ia., writes: "I had severe kidney trouble for years, and tried five doctors without benefit, but three bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure cured me." Clark & Kenney.



### Young Women

The entry into womanhood is a critical time for a girl. Little menstrual disorders started at that time soon grew into fatal complications. That female troubles are filling graveyards proves this. Wine of Cardui establishes a painless and natural menstrual flow. When once this important function is started right, a healthy life will usually follow. Many women, young and old, owe their lives to Wine of Cardui. There is nothing like it to give women freedom from pain and to fit young women for every duty of life. \$1.00 bottles at druggists.

Miss Della M. Strayer, Tully, Kan. "I have suffered untold pain at menstrual periods for a long time, was nervous, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything. In fact was miserable. I have taken four bottles of Wine of Cardui, with Thedford's Black-Draught, when needed, and to-day am entirely cured. I cannot express the thanks I feel for what you have done for me."

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.



### After LaGrippe---What?

Usually a rattling cough and a general feeling of weakness. Foley's Honey and Tar is guaranteed to cure the "grippe cough" and make you strong and well.

Quality and not quantity makes DeWitt's Little Early Risers such valuable little liver pills. W. T. Brooks.

Save doctors' bills by giving Foley's Honey and Tar to infants and children in time to prevent pneumonia or croup, which are fatal to so many thousands of babies. Clark & Kenney.

From indigestion expect the food to be digested because they are the food of the body. It is important to cure indigestion as soon as possible, and the best method of doing this is to use the preparation known as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and restores all of the digestive organs to perfect health. W. T. Brooks.

Are prepared to promptly dye, clean press and repair clothing in a satisfactory manner at reasonable prices. They ask your patronage. nov23-lyr.

### Lingering LaGrippe Cough

G. Vacher, 157 Osgood St., Chicago, says: "My wife had a very severe case of la grippe, and it left her with a very bad cough. She tried a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and it gave immediate relief. A 50 cent bottle cured her cough entirely." Price 25c. and 50c.

### If Banner Salve

doesn't cure your piles, your money will be returned. It is the most healing medicine. Clark & Kenney.

### Have You a Cold?

If so then instead of taking so much quinine take a pleasant and mild stomach and bowel remedy which will cleanse the system, and you will be surprised how quickly the cold will leave you. We sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for just this purpose. Try it. 10c, 50c and \$1. For sale by G. S. Varden & Co.

When threatened by pneumonia or other lung trouble, prompt relief is necessary, as it is dangerous to delay. We would suggest that One Minute Cough Cure be taken as soon as indications of having taken cold are noticed. It cures quickly and its early use prevents consumption. W. T. Brooks.

LaGrippe coughs often continue for months and sometimes lead to fatal results after the patient is supposed to have passed the danger point. Foley's Honey and Tar affords positive protection and security from these coughs.

### Important.

For the best life insurance policy on earth, at a lower rate, and guaranteeing more than any other company on earth, call on T. Porter Smith. (11)

### Renting Locomotives.

Hundreds of locomotives are rented every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwin have many machines out on the rental form of payment—that is, the engines are rented in the same way that you would buy a stove on installments—so, much down, so much a month, the payments to apply on the final purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives. They are usually let out to contractors who construct temporary railroads for hauling dirt from excavations.

to hire the locomotives their own names gilded the public may suppose to them. The engines, are cast off. They may have pulled express trains once, but now they are only fit to pull gravel cars. The engineers who work them are oftentimes also the cast offs of the profession. They may have operated express engines, but through carelessness or other incapacity have been discharged from one road after another until they are only fit to haul gravel or wood trains.—Philadelphia Record.

### Golf Before a Mirror.

One of the chief teachings in the religion of style is that to attain to orthodoxy it is necessary or at least desirable to practice daily in front of a looking glass so as to make sure that all the motions of the true style are being correctly carried out.

This always appeared to me a very "hard saying" until I had consulted W. G. Grace, John Roberts, C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsingh, H. K. Foster, Kraenzlein, E. C. Fredin and other champions of sport.

All the above were unanimous in attributing the high degree of skill to which they have attained in various games and sports to the fact of their having devoted many hours a day from a very early stage of their careers to attitudinizing in front of looking glasses in their bedrooms.—Golf Illustrated.

### The Oldest Visiting Card.

The state archives of Venice are said to possess the oldest visiting card of which there is any record, of course leaving aside the probable use of such articles for some thousands of years in China. Giacomo Contarini, professor at the University of Padua, sent the card in question as a curiosity to a Venetian friend, saying that the German students who came to Italy had the elegant and laudable custom of leaving such little cards, with their name and place of origin, at the houses of friends when they called and found them absent. The card referred to bears a coat of arms with the motto, "Espoir me confort." and beneath, "Joannes Westphalus scripsit Patavii 4 Martii 1560."—London Tablet.



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Costs only a cent more than the common kinds. Gives more cups and better coffee to the pound than any of its many imitations. Save the wrappers—each one entitles you to a definite part of some useful article. Look for the list in each package.

ARBUCKLE BROS., Notion Dept., New York City, N. Y.



### The "Camel's Hair" Brush.

"Contrary to the belief of most people, the camel's hair brush used by artists has nothing of the camel in it," said a manufacturer of soft brushes to a writer the other day. "There was a time when real camel's hair was used for the purpose. The ship of the desert, however, has long been superseded by the homely little squirrel. Not only is squirrel's hair very much less costly, but it is better, softer, more pliable and far more durable. At the present day it is doubtful if you could find a pound of camel's hair in all the brush factories in this country. However, there is no cause for fear that the graceful little squirrel will be exterminated. It is the European squirrel that furnishes the hair for the brushes, the covering of the American squirrel being too furry and soft for the purpose."—Washington Star.

### No Case.

Man (to lawyer)—I've been badly bitten by a dog. Can I get damages from its master?

Lawyer—Did you do anything to irritate the dog?

Man—No.

Lawyer—Were you on its owner's premises?

Man—Er—yes.

Lawyer—In what capacity? As a friend or—

Man—Of course this is strictly confidential.

Lawyer—Certainly.

Man—Well, I was trying to break into his house.—Pick-Me-Up.

### Not Quite Clear.

Hinkly—I wonder what Stilson was driving at this evening?

Holden—What did he say?

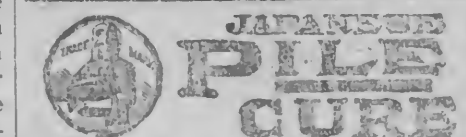
Hinkly—It was at the club, and I was having a broiled lobster. Stilson suggested that I was a sort of cannibal.

I'm half inclined to suspect he was making fun of me, although I don't see how.—Boston Transcript.

### Much the Same.

Mrs. Hayseed—Did you go to hear the howling derisives while you were in the city?

Mr. Hayseed—No, but I went to Cousin Miranda's, and she's got twins.



A New and Complete Treatment of PILES, Hemorrhoids, Cancer of the Rectum and Anal, Stricture of the Urethra, and all other diseases of the Genito-Urinary System. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is the only one that will cure the most obstinate cases. It is sold by all druggists and is the only one that is guaranteed to cure.

JAPANESE PILE OINTMENT, 25c. a box. Cures, 100% Guaranteed. The great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER. Each mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children. 50 boxes 25 cents. NOTICE—The genuine fresh Japanese Pile Ointment for sale only by W. T. Brooks.

## GREAT REMOVAL SALE

Having rented the large room formerly occupied by the

## Paris Cash Shoe Store,

Our present quarters being too small for our immense stock, we will sell until March 1st at

## Cost and Below!

Our entire stock of Dry Goods, Jackets, Blankets, Comforts, Skirts, Underwear, Gents, Furnishings and shoes.

Now is your opportunity, don't forget to grasp it. Greatest clearing sale Paris has ever had. All goods at Cost and Below in order to begin with a new stock at the Big Store.

## G. L. HEYMAN.

Next Door to Citizens Bank.

## GIVEN AWAY.

## Jackets and Capes, at TWIN BROS.

Having bought the entire stock of Jackets and Capes from The Queen Cloak Co., of New York, at less than the manufacturer's cost, we are now prepared to sell to the people of Paris and surrounding counties over three hundred Silk-lined Jackets at prices next to giving them away. Our aim is to sell this stock as quick as possible. The following are some prices which will enable us to do so:

Lot 1. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price 0, our price 88.

Lot 2. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price \$15, our price, \$6.

Lot 3. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price, \$10, our price \$4.75.

Lot 4. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price, \$8, our price, \$3.75.

Lot 5. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price, \$6, our price, 2.75.

Lot 6. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price, 5, our price \$2.25.

Lot 7. The Queen Cloak Co.'s price, 4, our price \$1.95.

Also special bargains in Clothing, Dressgoods, Shoes, & Etc.

## TWIN BROS.,

EAST MAIN STREET, - PARIS, KENTUCKY.